Too high a PITCH *may be given to the* MIND *in* *EARLY LIFE.*

STORY

OF

EUGENIO AND *AMELIA:*

OR, THE

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

EXTRACTED FROM THAT CELEBRATED WORK THE

"*LOOKER-ON.*"

BY THE REVEREND

WILLIAM ROBERTS, A. M. F. R. S.

FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTINI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Give *me* that warmth which hands impart,
That, join'd, convey from heart to heart
The glow which gratitude conceives,
And pity, genuine pity, gives;
The fire that's borrow'd from above,
And only heav'n taught bosoms prove.

FIRST EDITION.

WORCESTER:

PRINTED BY ISAIAH THOMAS, JUN.

SEPTEMBER—1798.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
JUN

TO THE

SENSIBLE AND WITTY,

BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS,

PRUDENT, GENTLE, AIMABLE AND KIND

DAUGHTERS OF COLUMBIA:

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

CALCULATED TO

IMPROVE AS WELL AS AMUSE

YOUR LEISURE MOMENTS,

IS DEDICATED,

WITH EVERY AFFECTIONATE WISH FOR YOUR

HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY,

BY YOUR DEVOTED FRIEND

THE EDITOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
JUN

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY POEM.

No. I.

Story of Eugenio and his Amelia.....Too high a Pitch may be given to the Mind in early Life.

No. II.

Story of Eugenio continued.....A True Soldier....That Education, which fits a Youth for the extraordinary rather than the ordinary Occaſions of Life.

No. III.

Story continued.....Trade and Tricks of Authorſhip.

No. IV.

Story continued.....Literary Jugglers.

No. V.

Trials of Virtue.....Same Story.

No. VI.

Same Story.....Freſh Character.....Freſh Viciſſitudes.

No. VII.

Same Story....Remarks on War...Foreign Adventures.

No. VIII.

Salutary Effects of Sorrow.....The Reſources of a Mind alive to Religious Impreſſions.....Concluſion and Moral of the Story.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EDITOR *feels conscious that an apology for the* Publication *of this Work, extracted from so celebrated an* Author *as the* REV. WILLIAM ROBERTS, *will be needless; he therefore flatters himself, that it will meet, with that warm and generous reception from the* Public, *which its* merits *justly demand.*

Worcester, September, 1798.

BRITISH
30
60
JUN

INTRODUCTORY POEM.

"AH let thy young enthuſiaſt ſtray
Through FANCY's rainbow tinted way;
Let his light footſteps gaily rove
The fairy paths of joy and love!
Let him the world delighted view,
And think each flattering viſion true;
Think every heart he e'er has known,
As good and GUILELESS as his own!
Why dim with tears that laughing eye?
Why draw th' unneceſſary ſigh?
For his young life is full of charms;
He dreams ſecure in pleaſure's arms;
FANCY and HOPE their gifts diſpenſe,
And ſtrength impart to innocence.
A while life's hateful truths forego,
Nor wake him to a world of woe;
But when maturer age declares
Its ſtern approach by ſterner cares;
When firſt the long worn path he tries,
Where ſorrow, like a ſerpent, lies,
Hid underneath ſome fond delight,
And rears her with'ring form to ſight;
When, ſtarting at the direful view,
FATHER! he turns his eyes on you;
When doubting, with his hopes at ſtrife,
He, trembling, aſks, if this be life?

Then open all his little breaſt
To truths that muſt, muſt be confeſs'd;
Theſe truths in gentle ſounds unfold,
The cold ſad tale that muſt be told;
The fated ills life muſt endure,
And comfort what you cannot cure."

STORY

OF

EUGENIO AND HIS AMELIA.

No. I.

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis Olivæ
Sacra ferens?

But who is he that yonder comes, that wears
The *OLIVE BRANCH*, and ſacred incenſe bears?

IF the reader is at all intereſted by the character of poor EUGENIO, or ſympathiſes with the unfortunate AMELIA, he will pardon that affection for their memories which induces me to conſecrate the ſucceeding pages to my long

loſt and regretted friends.....Poor Eugenio! I little thought when I beheld thee in theſe arms in thy laſt ſtruggles for breath, and received this little depoſit of thy letters, that I ſhould have lived to moiſten it with my tears at this diſtance of time. The great ones are hourly paſſing before me; events of magnitude are happening daily about me; ſorrows and cataſtrophes ſurround me; but ſtill the traces of thy virtues are freſheſt in my thoughts; and hardly do I live to preſent times, when I think on thoſe quiet hours we paſſed together, and thoſe evening walks, and thoſe various converſations on men and things, ever ending in the ſubject of thy heart, thy dear AMELIA.

METHINKS I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes: I ſeem again to ſee his features gathering freſh and freſh animation as involuntarily he winds the converſation into that channel in which his boſom ſo loved to diſcharge itſelf: And now his countenance aſſumes a ſoftened expreſſion

of melancholy, as the ſubject gradually takes the colors of his mind... a mind, almoſt from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and deſtined to a courſe of continual diſappointment. But nothing had the effect of ſouring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling THAT melancholy, which produced neither complaint nor deſpondency, and which felt it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but ſhewed itſelf alone in a certain bias towards topics of ſorrow, and an inclination to viſit the houſe of mourning rather than the houſe of joy. It comforts me to think that the ſoul of this excellent youth has been long at reſt, after a ſhort career of ſorrow in this world; and that that boſom, which found ſo little congeniality here, is probably in thoſe abodes where its ſorrow is turned into joy; and where, what was the ſource of diſappointment, is become the fountain of delight.

EUGENIO was in his four and twentieth year when I firſt became ac-

quainted with him. It was not long after this that an increaſe of fortune enabled him to live up to his own feelings of duty, and to follow thoſe amuſements which his heart pronounced innocent. After a youth of much variety and uniform diſappointment, he retired to his father's houſe in Shropſhire, which their circumſtances now enabled them to render more comfortable, and the grounds about which Eugenio took great delight in diſpoſing in ſuch a manner, as was calculated to favor the contemplative turn of his mind. Five years he ſpent in a truly elegant and philoſophic retirement, not ſavagely ſhutting himſelf up from the world, but aſſerting that title to the uſe of his time which he deemed neceſſary to the cultivation of his ſoul, and the great ends of his creation. Before this period he had paſſed through various ſcenes and ſituations of life.....But why ſhould I thus piece out the hiſtory of my friend? I feel that in the end it muſt all be told, ſuch is my fondneſs for talking about him: I will therefore lay it before my readers, with the advantages of a regular narration.

It was on a cold night in December, that the father of Amelia and myſelf, being overtaken by a ſhower of rain, entered the kitchen of an inn on the weſtern road to warm ourſelves by the fire. There ſat in one corner of the room a tall thin young man, in a mean travelling dreſs, but of an elegant form and dignified aſpect. He leaned upon the table with his elbow, and had very much the air of fatigue in his looks, though there was evidently too much agitation within him to admit of the neceſſary repoſe. I obſerved, as we ſtood by the fire, that the eyes of my friend were fixed upon the youth, who himſelf never once regarded us, or paid us the leaſt attention from our firſt entrance into the room.

As my friend's houſe, where I then was upon a viſit, was only a mile diſtant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom roſe, except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I ſhall call Barville, having ſome rea-

ſons for concealing his true name) during our walk home, was ſilent and thoughtful, and would enter into no converſation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addreſſed me :....." My good Mr. Olive-branch, I muſt beg your forgiveneſs for my behavior yeſterday evening ; but the truth is, the phyſiognomy of the young ſtranger we ſaw laſt night has ſo touched me, that I have been able to think of nothing elſe ever ſince. My mind," continued he, " will never be at eaſe, till I have had ſome converſation with him ; What think you of ſending to deſire his company to breakfaſt ?" I approved of his intention ; the meſſage was ſent, and a very polite refuſal was returned. This, however, only the more inflamed the curioſity of Mr. Barville. He ſet off himſelf to the inn, and returned in half an hour, together with the ſtranger. He was a little better dreſſed than on the preceding day, and bore every characteriſtic of the gentleman about him. His deportment was the moſt manly I ever beheld ; and a ſlight ſuffuſion, which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, be-

ing unaccompanied with any embarraſſment, prognoſticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modeſt and aſſured.

He expreſſed the ſenſe of the honor done him in a very warm manner. Mr. Barville, whoſe knowledge was very conſiderable, ſtarted various ſubjects of converſation, and ſeemed very deſirous of engaging the ſtranger's confidence, and of bringing their acquaintance to that ſtate of maturity which would admit of ſome intereſting converſations, in which he longed to give a looſe to his curioſity.

As Mr. Barville was a character a little out of the common road, it would be worth while to digreſs a moment for the ſake of deſcribing him. This gentleman was the eldeſt of ſeveral children. His father was a merchant of ſome eminence, and a man of very ſolid parts, and great worldly knowledge. He uſed to ſay, that he looked on his ſeven children with the ſentiments of a Spartan; that he conſidered

them as a ſtock, in which the public and himſelf had equal ſhares. To the commonwealth he reſigned the qualities of their heads; and reſerved to himſelf the paramount property in the province of the heart.

His children were all permitted to chooſe their profeſſions; for he deemed it a monſtrous attack upon reaſon and common ſenſe, to ſettle the deſtination of a child without waiting for his capacities to develope themſelves. Unhappily the old man's precautions were vain: He died in circumſtances by no means affluent; and Mr. Barville, the eldeſt ſon, who had already entered on the ſtudy of the civil law, was obliged to relinquiſh the profeſſion of his choice, to ſupport his brothers and ſiſters, who were yet children, with the profits of his father's buſineſs. Many years, however, after this event, when he had attained the age of thirty, he came to the unexpected poſſeſſion of a very ample fortune by the will of a diſtant relation.

As this change in circumſtances raiſed him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own diſparity in the point of education ſo ſeverely, that he reſolved to repair theſe deficiencies by a few years of aſſiduous application. He immediately purchaſed a judicious little collection of books; and being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he ſat down with ſolitary ardor to the elements of mathematics, and the treaſures of ancient literature. Aided by a quick comprehenſion and a ſound memory, he made ſuch diſpatch, that in the courſe of three years, his head was furniſhed with a rich variety of materials for reaſoning and contemplation. The ſolitude in which he proſecuted theſe reſearches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and faſtened ſome ſingularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opportunity ſerved only to provoke and confirm. In the ſcholar's craft, as well as in others, there prevails a common caſt of converſation, a ſort of complexional tincture, which ſome would call CANT, that pervades the whole profeſſion. Mr. Barville's

learning was not of this technical ſort; his preferences and averſions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taſte was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he ſupported it.

His phraſeology had ſomething in it that was ſtrange at firſt, but which proved it to be his own, and at once told you that he was no common man; and thoſe who converſed with him were frequently ſurpriſed by new combinations of words, and new effects of language. He abounded in principles, in maxims and in ſyſtems, which he cheriſhed the more fondly, as being his undiſputed offspring, and could therefore never endure interruption until the whole ſcheme of his argument was perfectly detailed. He was fond of framing improvements, of which humanity was the object; and the poor and unfortunate were the conſtant theme of his inventions, and the unceaſing objects of his care. On the whole, he was tender on the ſubject of religion, ſerious in all queſtions of morality, and ardent and diſintereſted in his ſearch after truth; and

if the quickneſs of his apprehenſion, and the conſtancy of his tenets, made him ſometimes impatient and imperious, it was almoſt worth while to be expoſed a little to this defective part of his character, to witneſs that benevolent concern and unaffected candor, with which he ſtudied to expiate the offence.

Mr. Barville was juſt proceeding to addreſs ſome important queſtions to the ſtranger, whom I ſhall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I ſhall attempt no deſcription of this young lady's perſon: It will be enough to ſay, that the moſt melting ſenſibility, and the moſt exalted virtue, heightened and corrected each other's expreſſion, in a complexion and a ſet of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his gueſt, whoſe frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly aſhamed of the meanneſs of his apparel. "Amelia," ſaid the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed

me, make me very ambitious of his friendſhip." This ſpeech, in ſpite of herſelf, ſtrained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expreſſion of ſweet approbation kindled the firſt ſpark of that unhappy flame in which they were both deſtined to be conſumed. Mr. Barville ſtopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but nature had fixed on their mouths a ſeal of ſilence, on which each other's image was engraved, and which a little time ſufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide forever.

THE vivacity of Mr. Barville's diſpoſition, and the fermentation of his mind, never ſuffered a pauſe to laſt till it was painful; and in any embarraſſment of that kind, it was uſual for the company to turn towards him for relief. Some agreeable comment, or ſome uſeful inference, was always revolving in his mind, and ready for the occaſion; and a certain equability and delicacy of thought were more remarkable in his converſation, than the poignancy of ſatire, or the ſplendor of wit. He made us all join in requeſting

Eugenio to ſpend that and the following day with us; but it was eaſy to ſee whoſe application had the moſt influence in obtaining his conſent. A thouſand agreeable topics were ſtarted by the hoſpitable entertainer; and ſo much pleaſantry and good humor prevailed through the day, that towards the cloſe of it, the ſtranger had ſhaken off much of his reſerve, and more than once gave way to emotions of gaiety and mirth, which ſo developed the expreſſion of his countenance, that many new and excellent qualities were read in it by the philoſophical Mr. Barville; and the ſeeds of much future ſorrow were ſown in another boſom, where, alas! the ſame philoſophy did not, at leaſt at that moment, exiſt.

THE next morning, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over, the worthy gentleman of the houſe, turning towards his gueſt, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it reſted upon his knee (I ſee them both now before me) "You muſt be ſure, Sir," ſaid he, "I could have had no inducement to ſeek ſo earneſtly your acquaintance, but

what was perfectly diſintereſted and ho orable; I have long cheriſhed the p ſuaſion, that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well conſtituted mind. There is a kind of running title in the face, which opens freſh matter to intereſt us in every page. Not a certain aſſemblage of features, but the modification of thoſe features, under the various influence of ſucceſſive emotions, is the rule of my judgment in theſe caſes, with a reſerve, however, in favor of the teſtimonies of ſubſequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumſtances of obligation or connexion have made your friend, but whom the ſecret ties of nature herſelf have drawn towards you with a force not to be reſiſted. I frankly offer you my confidence and friendſhip; make what uſe you can of me in your own affairs; and if you have any diſtreſſes (alas! they are legible in your countenance) which are not too deſperate for relief, or too ſevere to be ſoftened by communication, I earneſtly entreat you to make me a ſharer in them. I too have had my ſor-

rows: In the moſt virtuous and affectionate of wives, I have loſt the tendereſt of friends; and my only ſon is gone from me, Heaven knows where, with circumſtances that render the loſs of him ten times more diſtreſsful, and which add weight to a misfortune that one would think almoſt too heavy for aggravation."

THESE kind ſentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio: He was mute for ſome moments; in ſpite of his efforts, a tear ſtole from him, and a ſigh eſcaped from the depths of his boſom. At length, after ſome unintelligible effuſions, he went on thus: "This generoſity, my dear Sir, and this extraordinary goodneſs, are ſo greatly above what I have been uſed to experience, that I dare not attempt to make adequate acknowledgments. The beſt way, doubtleſs, to manifeſt my ſenſe of it, would be to yield inſtantly to your flattering requeſt; but, indeed, Sir, my hiſtory contains but little to intereſt or to amuſe you. As for ſome few diſtreſſes I may have ſuffered, they have not been of that

incidental, various and adventurous kind, which affect in the relation; but were for the moſt part ſpun out of my own feelings, which are ſuch as to raiſe trifling circumſtances into ſerious misfortunes: While, ſo is my mind conſtructed, that I can endure thoſe evils, whoſe ſenſible magnitude is infinitely greater, and which moſt diſturb the ſerenity of others, with ſufficient calmneſs and compoſure. I know, Sir, I am making a confeſſion much to my diſcredit; but I cannot abuſe ſuch a noble good nature, by keeping you ignorant of the unworthineſs of its object."

It is eaſy to imagine that the excuſe was not liſtened to; and Eugenio, after a pauſe of ſome moments, was beginning to gratify the curioſity of his new friend, when, perceiving Amelia and myſelf riſing from our chairs, as if to leave the room, he entreated us both to remain, and, with a look of ſome impatience, aſſured Amelia, that there was nothing in the ſtory he was about to relate, which could give any umbrage to her delicacy, or which he could wiſh to conceal from her knowl-

edge. I think, if ſubſequent events do not deceive me, a melancholy forecaſt at that moment drew from me an involuntary ſigh, and I felt inwardly troubled, as the ſituation of things brought to my thoughts the effects wrought on the mind of the gentle Deſdemona by the pitiable ſtory of the valiant Moor.

EUGENIO proceeded, as well as I can recollect, with the aſſiſtance of my memorandums, in the following terms: "I am the only ſon of virtuous parents, and who, if more need be ſaid, were both of gentle blood. My father bore arms at a very young age, ſerved his country in many campaigns, and was, as thoſe report, who have followed his fortunes, a truly gallant ſoldier. Whether it was from reading, or a natural elevation of mind, I know not; but it was his misfortune to have imbibed a certain enthuſiaſm of honor and grandeur of ſentiment, which proved a great interruption to his happineſs, during the whole courſe of his life. My father had a ſoul for great actions: He was the hero in the field, but he was alſo too much

the hero in common life; and as Socrate is ſaid to have brought down philoſophy from the ſkies, ſo it ſeemed an ambition of my father's to force into the moſt ordinary concerns, in which he was engaged, thoſe erect principles of juſtice, and thoſe ſentiments of heroic diſintereſtedneſs, which, though in the main they certainly ſhould form the great rule of our actions, yet can never be rendered univerſally applicable in the petty commerce of ſociety. I uſe the paſt tenſe in ſpeaking of my father, not becauſe I know that he is dead.....to be aſſured of that, would remove from my mind a heavy load of anxiety.....but becauſe I fear I have loſt him forever; and my buſy ſorrow is ever preſenting him to my thoughts in a ſtate much worſe than death .....a ſtate unworthy of his birth and his feelings, and ill accommodated to his age and infirmities. In ſhort, Sir, after having loſt him for one twelvemonth, without knowing whither he was fled, I heard, only a week ago, that during all this interval he has ſerved as a common ſoldier in the army of Prince Ferdinand. But I will not anticipate the events of my ſtory; I

ſear they will intereſt you but little, with every advantage of relation."……In my next number I will give you my ideas of the character of a true ſoldier, with ſome remarks to prove that education faulty, which fits a youth for the *extraordinary* rather than the *ordinary* occaſions of life.

EUGENIO AND HIS *AMELIA.*

No. II.

A True Soldier.....That education faulty which fits a Youth for the extraordinary rather than the ordinary Occaſions of Life.

Huic pudor, et juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Siſter of juſtice, uncorrupted faith,
And naked truth, and generous ſhame, ah! when
His equal ſhall they find!

"IN the year 1735, my father, then a youth, and burning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the field, fought under the Imperialiſts, at that time at war with the French. In a fierce encounter, an Auſtrian Captain was ſlain by his ſide, a gentleman of great merit, and whoſe friend-

hip and courage had, on a former occaſion, ſaved my poor father from the bayonet's point. His comrade and friend fell upon his boſom, and had juſt time to entreat him to make a transfer of that affection, which had ſo long been his pride and happineſs, to a helpleſs orphan he was leaving behind him. In his ſorrow for his departed friend, my father found comfort in thinking that ſtill the opportunity was left him of evincing his gratitude towards him, and of honoring his memory by better teſtimonies than unavailing tears. Touched with the deſtitute ſituation of the daughter, his pity was ſoon ſucceeded by a warmer ſentiment, which the gentle ſorrow, and the amiable qualities of the young lady, ſtrengthened and matured. In ſhort, he fulfilled his engagements, by marrying her as ſoon as the peace was concluded between the belligerent powers. In a few months after they came to England, and took thoſe little premiſes in Shropſhire, where they have lived ever ſince. I was born in about three years after this marriage, and deſtined, alas! to ſucceed to all my father's pride, and all

his mortifications; to all his exaltation of ſpirit, and all his depreſſion of circumſtances.

"THE narrowneſs of their income, and ſtill more, my father's jealous eagerneſs to inſpire no ſentiments into my mind but his own, determined them to take my education upon themſelves, every eſſential part of which they were between them well qualified to conduct, except that in which worldly wiſdom was concerned, and the intereſts of my future fortunes. As myſelf and a ſiſter were their only charge, the duty they had impoſed upon themſelves was not more than they could fulfil with eaſe and delight; and my father has often aſſured me, that the ten years which ſucceeded his marriage, were a counterbalance to the fatigues and ſufferings of his whole life.

"He had married a woman of no perſonal accompliſhments; but Providence had rewarded his pious regard to the memory of his friend, by giving her a ſoul great like his own, and full of the

moſt exalted notions of juſtice, purity and benevolence. Her German anceſtry were noble, and a tincture of national haughtineſs had formerly diſcolored her ſentiments; but, as their union was more a marriage of the mind than of the perſon, their conſtant communication and mutual reſpect ſoftened down the pride of my mother's boſom, to the ſame temper with that which informed my father's, and effected a perfect congeniality in the principles on which they were founded. Strengthened by his reaſons, animated by his example, and aſſiſted by the force of her own underſtanding, ſhe was ſoon perſuaded of the folly and fragility of that pride, which has no ſources to draw from but human prejudices and ſelf flattery, and diſcerned the broad partition that ſeparates dignity from diſdain, and grandeur of ſoul from pride of circumſtance.

"In the year 1745, when I was entering on my tenth year, my father followed the Royal Duke into the Netherlands, and left me to the ſole care and tuition of my mother, who, though not

wanting in female ſenſibility or maternal ſoftneſs, was yet ſo well acquainted with the duties and the ornaments of my ſex, that every endeavor was made to build up that maſculine ſtructure of thought and habit, of which my father had laid the foundation in my mind; and as the warmth and ſenſibility of female boſoms rarely ſuffer them to be moderate in a cauſe in which their intereſts or affections are engaged, ſhe carried this principle as far as it would bear, and perhaps a little beyond the ſcope of its meaning and application.

"THE hiſtories of great men and great times were the conſtant objects of my ſtudy; and thoſe pages were pointed out for my particular attention, wherein deeds of heroiſm abroad, or acts of patriotiſm at home, were recited; and I conſider the ſequel of my life as a comment on a paſſage in an ancient writer, which caſts a juſt reproach on the general tendency of education, to hold up rules rather for the extraordinary, than the ordinary occaſions of life. All my playthings were martial; guns, trumpets, ſwords and hel-

mets, were laviſhed upon me; and every day I was ſo buſy in plying my batteries, in bombarding and canonading, that my little heart was exalted almoſt to madneſs, and the horn of battle was always blowing in my ears.

"I AM aſhamed, my good Sir, to trouble you with this petty detail: But, as the period of life we are now conſidering, though of little importance in itſelf, borrows a great deal from the influence it has on the years of maturity; and as it may, perhaps, in ſome degree apologiſe for the ſingular and unaccommodating caſt of my mind; I cannot refuſe myſelf the liberty of relating an anecdote of my infancy, which I ſtill remember with feelings, in which pleaſure and pain are ſomewhat whimſically blended.

"I had juſt completed the extravagant though bewitching memoirs of Charles XII, of Sweden, and the roar of bombs and cannons were ſtill ſounding in my ears, when a letter from my father brought us an account of the defeat at Fon-

tenoy, acquainting us, at the ſame time, that he was then in garriſon at Oſtend, and in hourly expectation of the enemy. Here my ardent imagination figured to me all the horrors of a ſiege, and I reſolved to ſympathiſe with the ſuppoſed ſufferings of my father. I choſe a ſpot in a meadow, about a mile diſtant from our houſe, where I labored inceſſantly for a week, in raiſing ramparts, and digging trenches, to repreſent the fortifications at Oſtend; as ſoon as they were completed, I prevailed upon the ſon of a gardener in our neighbourhood, a boy about my own age, to carry on the ſiege, while I ſhut myſelf up within my works, reſolving to hold out to the laſt, having previouſly frightened the beſieger into ſecrecy, by threatening, in caſe of treachery, to lay waſte his father's cauliflowers, and put all I ſhould find to the ſword. We kept up this mockery through half the day, when ſuddenly the operations of the enemy ceaſed altogether; whether the vigor and impetuoſity of my frequent ſallies had driven him off, or hunger, a more powerful aſſailant, had forced him from the field. I gloried, however, in

neglecting the calls of hunger; and imagining myſelf blockaded, I reſolved to try how long I could hold out in ſuch a ſituation. I kept within my fortifications with great obſtinacy till late in the evening, when, beginning to find that the conteſt with nature could no longer be maintained, I determined not to ſurrender to the beſiegers; but ſnatching the ſtandard which I had fixed on the ramparts, with one hand, and graſping my ſword in the other, I ruſhed out at a breach that was made in one of the ravelins; and fancying myſelf in the purſuit of the enemy, I ran to our garden wall, where I fell, overcome with wearineſs and hunger. Here I lay for ſome time, with my ſword and ſtandard ſtill in my hands, and probably ſhould have died on the field of honor, if one of my father's laborers, who happened to paſs by, had not picked me up, and conveyed me to my mother.

"As ſoon as ſhe was made acquainted with the whole tranſaction, ſhe was delighted with this teſtimony to the force of her inſtruction; made me a preſ-

ent of a new ſword, and promiſed me to perſuade my father to make me a colonel as ſoon as he returned. She kept, however, a more watchful eye over my proceedings in future, and confined my operations within our garden wall. The Pretender's invaſion, which took place ſoon after, ſo agitated my mind, that I was very near loſing my ſenſes; and my mother began to repine at the extraordinary ſucceſs of her methods of education, and uſed her beſt efforts to bring this luxuriancy of mind within the bounds of reaſon.

"AFTER the victory of Culloden, my father returned, covered with honor, and wounded in the ſervice; but, alas! his circumſtances were lower than ever: For his own illneſſes, and his compaſſion for others, had rendered theſe late campaigns more than ordinarily expenſive. The tender and endearing reception, however, which he found at home, baniſhed every ſubject of regret from his mind; and he ſat down, as he then thought, to enjoy for a length of time, the ſolace of domeſtic tranquillity.

"THE Quixotic mania with which I was poſſeſſed, could not but be diſpleaſing to a man of his ſenſe; it was very wide of that character which it had been his object to form. He had but little, however, to combat with, in convincing my mother of her miſtake: She had already begun to perceive it, and her mind was too great to ſcruple confeſſion. Soft and gradual means were uſed to let me down gently from the heights to which I had been raiſed; and as I now had the rank of colonel in my own eyes, eſpecial care was taken not to wound the honor which I conceived to be attached to my ſituation. By their judicious management I was weaned a good deal from my military enthuſiaſm; but, as you will ſee in the ſequel, the impreſſion has never been thoroughly effaced.

"MY father had reſolved, on his return home, to ſell out of the army, and enjoy the repoſe which he had earned; but as ſoon as he was perfectly cured of his wounds, his ardor of mind returned with his health, and all his ſedentary proj-

ects disappeared. In the autumn of 1746, he followed Sir John Ligonier to the Dutch Netherlands, and was wounded in three places at the battle of Roucoux. He returned home in a very wretched and emaciated state, to the great affliction of my poor mother, to whose unexampled care he again owed his recovery, which however was not completed under full four years, during which time he was confined to his apartment in a state of extreme lameness and debility.

"I SHALL now pass over a lapse of seven years, which were chequered by no incidents worth relating; except it may be proper to mention that in this interval my father, surrendered to the impressions of sickness, grew gradually sedate and tranquil in his deportment and sentiments, and lost in great part his predilection for the military life. So great, indeed, was the change which time and circumstances had wrought in his mind, that when I reached my eighteenth year, instead of realising the splendid visions of my childhood, he sent me to college in the

year 1755, to accompliſh myſelf for holy orders. But before two months had expired, I was heartily weary with the forms and inſtitutions, as well as with the manners and uſages of the place.

"My ideas had been accuſtomed to expatiate over a wide ſcene of action, in which every thing that was vaſt and unbounded in human enterpriſe, or elevated in human character, was ever moving before my fancy, in which a ſhade was caſt over vulgar wants and vulgar intereſts, and in which that middle order of men among whom I was now to take my place, was ſeen at a confuſed diſtance, or loſt in the ſurrounding blaze. The inactive pomp, the inglorious eaſe, the narrow range, and the petty politics of a college life, were ill calculated to arreſt a mind like mine which had taken flight, at ten years of age, into regions of viſionary perfection, and whoſe aſpiring humor had already taught it contempt, not only for the common amuſements of infancy, but for the common playthings of maturity.

"ALAS! Sir, ſince thoſe days my wings have been clipped: They were ſeverely ſhorn at my firſt entrance into thoſe real ſcenes of which my young fancy had imaged ſuch deluſive repreſentations. At firſt I fluttered like a young eagle impriſoned in a cage, whoſe privilege it once was to ſit on the ſummit of a rock, in the broad blaze of the ſun, and contemplate the immenſity before it, as filled with objects of enterpriſe.....as the ſcene of proweſs and adventure. But though I never could accommodate myſelf to my cage, I ceaſed to make thoſe ineffectual ſtruggles which would only ſerve to cover me with ridicule, and ſink me in my own eſteem; and, if I was not happy, I was at leaſt apparently compoſed, and took ſome care that, at this introductory ſtage of my life, my ſingularity ſhould not be inſulting, or my ſilence auſtere.

"WHAT principally foſtered my averſion to college was doubtleſs the very circumſcribed ſtate of my finances, which ſoon taught me to meaſure the diſtance at which poverty throws us from our

ſocial dues.....from a juſt participation in the courteſies and amenities of life. It is, however, its high privilege and conſolation to be ſecure from the ſeductions of flattery, to ſee before it the unvarniſhed ſide of human nature, and to view the native forms of VIRTUE and VICE in their genuine light.

"THOUGH my poor parents almoſt beggared themſelves to ſupport me with reſpectability, all would not do; and my circumſtances were ſo low, as hardly to ſuffice for my bare maintenance. The reverence I feel for the principle of every inſtitution which has the good of mankind for its object, makes me cautious how I reprove; for there is a ſpirit of correction, which chaſes away the good with the evil, and which, in its zeal for completing the beauty of a building, deſtroys the cement on which its exiſtence depends. But I cannot avoid, in this place, expreſſing my concern, that means are not more induſtriouſly uſed, to lower the rate of living at college, by a cloſe inquiry into frauds and exceſſive charges, by the prevention of

long credit, and a clearer expoſition of college accounts. I had not been above three weeks in my new ſituation, before I began to be weary of the ſociety into which I had entered, and to draw upon myſelf no ſmall portion of hatred and perſecution. I was nicknamed Major Strutt; my windows were frequently broken, and my doors were ſcribbled over with low and contemptible ſcurrility. The high and dignified notions which my father had taken ſuch pains to rear in my mind, were in a great meaſure the cauſe of this odium; yet it is but fair to confeſs that whereas theſe were mixed and qualified in my father's mind with a thouſand ſoft and humane ingredients, in mine they ſoon hardened into a firm and indiſſoluble frame, and bred within me a degree of miſanthropy and choler which neither reaſon nor religion has yet been able to ſubdue."

"I CANNOT help thinking, however," cried Mr. Barville with ſome earneſtneſs and precipitation, "that you do not yourſelf underſtand all the ingredients of this boiling ſpirit. I will take

upon myſelf to affirm that inhumanity is not one of them; and I am perſuaded that your ſeverity was principally directed againſt yourſelf. You carry your own eulogy in your countenance, and that is a teſtimony which I never diſpute." Eugenio bowed and ſhook his head, while a tear trickled down his face, as he thus proceeded.....

"A THOUSAND boyiſh and pitiful inſults continued to be levelled at my peace, but they were yet too weak and diminutive to provoke any thing more than contempt; I treated the whole pack with ſovereign indifference; and I really believe that hitherto the mortification was greater on their ſide than my own. My loftineſs of temper, and the ſcorn expreſſed in my countenance, challenged their utmoſt malignity. Hints were at length thrown out in diſparagement of my birth, and derogatory to the virtue of my mother as well as the courage and honor of my father. This atrocious attack applied a torch to my feelings, and kindled them into a blaze of indignation. What meth-

ods I took to vindicate the honor of my family are perhaps as well omitted: They were ſuch as compelled my calumniators to contradict in writing the infamous reports they had ſpread, and even further, to write ſeverally to their parents in the ſpirit of abjuration and remorſe; which letters I put myſelf into the poſt, and in a few days received anſwers, filled with expreſſions of ſhame and ſorrow for the ignominious conduct of their ſons. Theſe letters, together with their recantations, I took care to make ſufficiently public: My enemies were abaſhed, and an interval of peace ſucceeded. This ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities was, however, only a breathing time for my perſecutors, and the ſame infamous tales continued to be propagated.

"My diſguſt now roſe to ſuch a pitch, that I lived a whole year in entire ſolitude, nouriſhing the pride of my ſpirit, and my contempt for thoſe around me." .....At this moment, a gentleman of the neighbourhood called in; and Eugenio and myſelf, in the interim, took a walk into the garden. I ſeized this opportu-

nity of entreating him to continue one day longer among us, and was ſecretly delighted at his ready acquieſcence, and with his manner of expreſſing his compliance. "Mr. Olivebranch," ſaid he, preſſing my hand, "I do not know what it is which gives you this power over me, but I feel that I can refuſe you nothing. The complacency I read in your looks, helps to tranquiliſe my own thoughts.....and it ſeems as if my ſpirits could find in your friendſhip a harbor from thoſe ſtorms within and without me, to which I am ever expoſed." A tear which ſtood in my eyes at this moment, aſſured him of thoſe ſympathetic feelings which were really too ſtrong to ſuffer me to anſwer him directly; and taking courage from this omen, he addreſſed me as follows.

EUGENIO AND HIS *AMELIA.*

No. III.

Trade and Tricks of Authorſhip.

Ut pudice verba fecit! cogitate et commode!
Ut modeſte orationem præbuit! Certo hic meus eſt.
Plaut. Pœnul.

With how much modeſty, good ſenſe and propriety, did he ſpeak! This is the man after my own heart.

WE broke off in our laſt number, when Eugenio was beginning to ſpeak as follows: "I am aware, Mr. Olive-branch, that I have been much my own enemy in relating the particulars of a life ſo ſullied with errors, both of ſentiment and practice.....of the heart and of the head. If, however, without diſplaying a freſh inſtance of that pride which it is my reſolution to overcome, I may look to an

event ſo much above my deſerts, as the acquiſition of your friendſhip, I ſhall hope yet to redeem myſelf in your opinion, by ſummoning all the reſources of reaſon and philoſophy to this work of reformation. I am convinced that in nothing the juſtice of Providence is more conſpicuous than in the balance of ſtrength, the action and reaction with which our minds are endued. There is ſufficient vigor for the controul of our paſſions wherever there is the will to exert it; but the armour of the mind, like that of the body, muſt be poliſhed by uſe, and preſerved from the ruſt of neglect, or, like that it becomes a teſtimony to our reproach, and a monument of our cowardice and degeneracy. I have it written in my heart, that the time is coming, when I ſhall reſume the empire of my feelings, and drive out this capricious and cruel uſurper, this petty tyrant to which I have been ſo long enſlaved. Aſſiſt me, my good Sir, in theſe reſolutions: Your friendſhip and counſel will enſure them ſucceſs, if Providence permit me to return to ſo great a bleſſing from the doubtful errand in which I am embarking."

HERE he left off ſpeaking, and I could perceive that his boſom was diſcharged of a conſiderable burthen. "My dear Sir," I replied, "you have made this day the moſt intereſting, and perhaps the happieſt of my life. You have given me great preferment in my own eyes, by calling me your friend; and truſt me, it ſhall be my future ſtudy to deſerve ſo honorable a title. As for the work of reformation, I look upon it as already done: To walk in the train of your triumph without a ſhare in the victory, is all that is left to me; but this will content my ambition; and I ſhall ſympathiſe in your glory, as much as if it reflected honor on my own exertions. But do not refuſe me the ſatisfaction of knowing the nature of that doubtful errand on which you are bent. I may be in time to contribute to the ſafety of your perſon, though I am too late to aſſiſt in the conſummation of your virtue."

"IF you can bear with me," replied Eugenio, "to the end of my little hiſtory, you will know what is the object of the errand to which I have alluded."..... At

At this moment Mr. Barville and Amelia joined company with us. As we were all impatient for the ſequel of Eugenio's ſtory, Amelia conducted us to a bower at the end of the walk, where my friend thus proceeded: "All this while, however, I was careful to plant no thorns in the boſoms of my parents; I read over and over each letter that I ſent to them, or my poor little Sophy (for that was my ſiſter's name) that no inadvertent expreſſion might eſcape me, to betray the ſituation of my mind; and during the few weeks I ſpent with them, I feigned all the complacency I could poſſibly aſſume, though I could perceive, by the anxiety expreſſed in my mother's countenance, that my diſſimulation was not as ſucceſsful as I had hoped.

"In ſpite of my abſtinence from all the diverſions of my age, my expenſes were conſiderably greater than my income. To confeſs the truth, in money concerns, I was already as much a ſoldier as my father, who would long ere this have ſwallowed up his little revenue, had not my mother's excellent management ſuſ-

pended

pended the blow, to fall in the end with redoubled violence."……Here Mr. Barville interpoſed……"And can you not," ſaid he, "call to mind any ſecret donations to the indigent and diſtreſſed, which might help a little to impoveriſh you? Did no truant guinea ſteal away in ſome holiday of the ſpirits, when an object of miſery has thrown itſelf in the way of your compaſſion, and betrayed this miſanthropy which you profeſs to have felt, into a momentary ſlumber?"……"Indeed, Sir," replied Eugenio, "there need no ſuch collateral drains, to account for my poverty: The direct expenſes of an univerſity life, are a ſufficient reaſon for a man's becoming poor, whoſe pocket is but moderately ſupplied. I will not deny that ſometimes the imbecility of my mind may have drawn me into ſuch imprudences: For what better title do theſe feelings deſerve which induced me to diſſipate money that was not my own? In the order of moral duties, juſtice precedes generoſity."

"I KNOW," interrupted Mr. Barville, "that you will pardon a curioſity which

which reſults from the deep ſolicitude I feel in all that concerns you. An abſolute ſecluſion from ſociety, for a whole year, appears to me a ſituation ſo dreadful, that I can hardly conceive a mind endued with ſtrength to ſupport it; but as your quarrel ſeems only to have been with our ſex, you may perhaps have derived conſolations from the other, which were capable of very much ſoftening this ſentence of ſolitude."

"In my ſituation at that time," anſwered Eugenio, "it was not eaſy to form any of thoſe tender connexions to which you allude; but however," continued the young gentleman, looking on the ground, and reddening as he proceeded, "to keep from you no part of the truth, nature, when ſhe planted ſo many ſtrong and ardent propenſities in my mind, did not forget the paſſion of love. Not all the haughtineſs of my temper has been able to reſiſt its growth; in ſpite of every oppoſition it has flouriſhed with incredible luxuriancy. I cannot, however, accuſe myſelf of any hard heartedneſs, treachery,

or deſign, in my intercourſe with the ſex: Nothing but ſimple crimes of this nature load my conſcience.....tear has been ſhed for tear, wherever they have flowed on my account."

HERE the deepeſt vermilion overſpread the cheek of Amelia; and in ſpite of her utmoſt pains to ſuppreſs it, a tear trickled down, that in the ſequel of their mournful intimacy was to be paid by a thouſand from Eugenio. I took notice, that, as he finiſhed this ſentence, his looks involuntarily ſtrayed towards Amelia's; and in the chaſte and melting concern which he read in them, he ſaw himſelf rebuked, chaſtiſed, pitied and forgiven.

"WELL, Sir," continued Eugenio, "as ſoon as I felt that my fortunes were ſinking faſt, I revolved in my mind various ſchemes of redemption; and no reſource took my fancy ſo much as that of writing for the preſs. With this I immediately retouched ſome ſatirical pieces, into which I had poured all my indignation, and ſold them for trifling ſums to a bookſeller

bookſeller of no eminence, who appeared to eſteem them ſo little, that I never afterwards made any inquiries after them, or even looked for their characters in thoſe monthly bills of literary mortality, the Reviews. They anſwered, however, the purpoſe of preſent relief; and kept me from that ſaddeſt of all degradations, the neceſſity of running into debt. By engaging in various bookſellers' jobs, I gained a tolerable ſupply; and as I was ſubject to no interruptions, I made ſuch diſpatch, that I was able, out of my ſavings, to ſend two or three little preſents home, and, among others, ſome books on medicine, to my mother, who finding it impoſſible to be bountiful in proportion to her feelings, was daily filling up the meaſure of her humanity by adminiſtering ſuch comfort as was within her reach to the ſick and the ſorrowful. This experience of what I was able to perform towards my own ſupport, fired me with an ambition to launch forth into the literary world in quality of Author, which ſituation I figured to myſelf as moſt correſpondent to my feelings of independence.

"IMPRESSED.

"IMPRESSED myſelf with an awful reſpect for genius, I conceived that its claims muſt be heard wherever they were advanced; and that, as ſoon as my title was acknowleged, it would enſure me a place and precedency amidſt the preſs of intereſt and the pride of fortune. Full of theſe illuſory expectations, I wrote a very florid epiſtle to my father, in which I ſcrupled not to acquaint him with the irkſomeneſs of my ſituation, as well as with the unprofitable expenſes to which I was ſubject, and painted the advantages of my plan of authorſhip in the beſt colours I was able. I propoſed to take a lodging in town, and immediately to enliſt in the ſervice of the bookſellers, ſome of whom had ſuggeſted ſuch taſks to me as they thought were ſuitable to my particular talents. My father, whoſe enthuſiaſm was not entirely vanquiſhed, and who felt his old fires rekindle at the notion of enterpriſe and adventure, entered readily enough into the propoſal. My mother reſiſted for a time, from a general habit of caution and timidity; but being furniſhed with no particular objections from experience, ſoon left the

the field to my father, who, now growing heated with the project, as was his cuſtom, urged me to haſten my departure from college, and to enter upon my *brilliant career* as ſoon as my arrangements could be made. My precipitancy correſponded with my father's impatience. In two days after the receipt of this letter, I cleared all my accounts in the Univerſity, and ſet off for London with a few guineas in my pocket, and a lighter heart than I had ever yet felt in the courſe of my life, except when I ſallied out againſt a flying enemy from my little fortifications behind my father's houſe.

"As ſoon as I arrived in town, I repaired to the houſe of a bookſeller, with whom I had correſponded, and who had promiſed me accommodation and employment. My friend was as good as his word, and I entered immediately on this brilliant career, as my father had termed it, in a little room four ſtories high, which was my parlor, my ſtudy and my chamber. From this elevated apartment, I looked out of my window, and proudly ſurveyed the little world below me, as a victorious general

general casts his eye over the country before him, which he soon expects to lay under contribution. Such were the extravagant hopes I had suffered my fancy to indulge, which a few months were sufficient to disenchant.

"My employer, if rigid in his exactions, was punctual in his payments; and such was my zeal and assiduity in this undertaking, that in a quarter of a year I found money to follow up those presents to my parents, which had once already so sweetened the rewards of my diligence. I began to wonder, however, that I entered coffeehouses, and travelled the streets, without hearing my name mentioned, or my writings applauded. I never had supposed that genius stood in need of patronage, or talents of introduction; and as I then persuaded myself that I was not without these pretensions, my choler rose at the frigid indifference with which I was regarded, and my mind began again to fluctuate between pride and despondency.

"One

"ONE day, as I was paſſing through the ſhop, I obſerved a young man turning over ſome books with an air of contemptuous importance. As he looked round, I recogniſed a face which I had ſeen at College. It happened that this gentleman was one of thoſe who had manifeſted a good diſpoſition towards me, and had made frequent offers of ſervice to me, which it ſuited not my pride to accept. I was no ſooner perceived by him, than he made up to me with great cordiality, and endeavored to engage me in converſation. Though I felt but little promptitude to puſh my acquaintance beyond its narrow limit, in my preſent quarrel with the world; yet there was ſomething of originality and hiſtory in the countenance of this perſon, that intereſted my curioſity in ſpite of myſelf. He drew from me, ſome how or other, the particulars of my ſituation, and the nature of my preſent engagements, of all which circumſtances I obſerved that he made notes in a little book of memorandums.

"MY

"My dear Sir," ſaid he, putting his book into his pocket, "it gives me concern to think that you have ſo egregiouſly loſt your way in the purſuit of fame. The direct road which uſed to lead to its temple has long been barred, and there is no acceſs left, but through bye doors and ſecret paſſages. As you have always had my eſteem and good wiſhes, it is a ſenſible pleaſure to me to be able to put you right, and to lay before you a chart of theſe croſs roads, with all the odd turnings that will help to ſhorten the length and fatigues of your journey." "Here he propoſed to me to ſtep into a coffeehouſe, that he might be at liberty to detail thoſe inſtructions which were to raiſe ſo rapidly my fortune in the world. As ſoon as we were ſeated, he thus continued:.....

"I ALSO was intended, Sir, for holy orders; but I was of a humor uncongenial with all profeſſions; and my mind was too excurſive, or my nature too volatile, to endure the confinement and buckram of any formal courſe of habit, or punctilious line of duty. I reſolved to remain

main at large, and to take up at once the character of a gentleman, without ſacrificing the moſt precious half of life to obtain it. In the life of an author I ſaw all that diſtinction of which I was enamored, and a range of exertion very ſuitable to the vivacity of my temper and genius.

"I MUST confeſs too, that having but a ſmall fund of my own to draw from, I ſaw vaſt room in this great town for the exerciſe of innocent chicane in profiting by other men's ſuperfluities of talent, and diſguiſing my own deficiency; in which kind of reſource I may ſay I have proved myſelf conſummate. Thus prepared, I ſet out upon my career about twelve months ago; and, notwithſtanding the great competition which late years have produced among our fraternity, I ſoon acquired more than my juſt ſhare of diſtinction, and am already conſiderable enough to be abuſed by half the town. By computing the ratio of this abuſe for the laſt three months, I find that my credit is making very rapid advances; and as I am pretty prodigal of abuſe in my turn, I

have reaſon to expect that my head, ere a month paſſes over it, will either appear in the pillory, or as a frontiſpiece to the next magazine."

"As this was all new ground to me, I expreſſed no ſmall ſurpriſe at what I had heard: Upon which he obſerved, "that as I had not paſſed my noviciate, it was no wonder that theſe myſteries and ſublimities of the art were above my comprehenſion; but a little experience would convince me that in theſe crooked times the ways of the learned are not the leaſt oblique. Is fame your object?.....Be aſſured, the common place methods of laboring to deſerve it, are the laſt now a days to ſucceed in obtaining it. If you perſiſt in this obſolete courſe, you may extort a Dedication from a Dutch commentator, or be called an ingenious gentleman in the preface to a new rhyming dictionary; but your purſe will remain empty, and your face unknown.

"And now, Sir, what are your ſentiments? Are you willing to follow

low the track which I have marked out for you, and which I believe you will find as profitable and eaſy as any?" "I ſhook my head, and replied, that I was afraid I had not much talent for abuſe: And moreover, that as this particular branch of literature required a diſpoſition invulnerable to abuſe from others, I knew myſelf to be very ill qualified for a member of his academy." "Well, Sir," continued he, "I will lay ſome other ſchemes of advancement before you; and, that example may not be wanting to my inſtructions, I will expoſe to you, in great confidence, the various methods of literary chicane practiſed with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs, by a club of gentlemen, of which I have the honor to be a member. Two or three inſtances will be ſufficient for the preſent: But I ſhall be proud to introduce you to the whole ſociety, that you may become the diſciple of him, of whoſe fancy you ſhall moſt approve. They are none of them thoſe ordinary drudges, that drag their ſteps along through the common rounds of the forum and academy: But ſpeed onwards, as the crow flies, unanxious

ious about what they leave behind, and fearleſs about what they encounter. Theſe gentlemen diſturb no families by their early riſing, or their midnight lucubrations; but by a little management, and much acquaintance with human nature, and the motives of human applauſe, they have riſen to greater eminence than your great readers, without the ſame expenſe of ſpirits and conſtitution. There is a kind of economy of learning with which none but theſe adepts are acquainted; and to make a little go far, by a mode of ſetting it off, is one of thoſe perfections on which we value ourſelves the moſt in this our ſelect ſociety. The impoſing manner in which we announce our publications, the pompous ſtage on which they are reared, by the mechanical helps of printing, paper and engraving; our flouriſhed title pages, comely portraits, and the proceſſion of initials that march before our names; all help to diſtinguiſh our productions from vulgar performances, and to enable one of our eighteen penny pamphlets to wreſtle with imperial quartos, and eclipſe the labors of half a life."

EUGENIO

EUGENIO AND HIS *AMELIA.*

No. IV.

Literary Jugglers.

Non eſt Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus aut Erimanthus.
Juvenal.

When artifice, pretence, and mockery reign,
Sound ſterling Merit ſeeks for room in vain.

"I FEAR, Sir," continued Eugenio, turning towards Mr. Barville, that this diſcourſe on authorſhip will intereſt you but little: It preſſes, indeed, rather forcibly upon my mind, as having wrought a change in my condition, and diſabuſed me of a very material error: We are too liable to ſuppoſe our own feelings in the breaſts of other men, without regard to the difference of circumſtances." "Your

remark is generally good," returned Mr. Barville, " but it does not apply. Little as I know of learning, I know yet leſs of learned men. How chicanery can find a place in the province of literature, I am at a loſs to imagine. The ſkill of the moderns in mechanical improvements has not yet riſen to the invention of falſe underſtandings, unleſs falſe legs may be ſo called; and I have never yet heard of the brains being out of joint, but in a metaphor. I am therefore curious to be informed what means men have deviſed to impoſe upon one another in a point in which no artificial aid will avail us, and where the appeal is ſo eaſy and direct to clear and unequivocal teſtimonies."

" My dear Sir," replied Eugenio, " this appeal is only open to the clear ſighted and impartial; It argues no mean capacities to eſtimate the abilities of other men. The maſs of mankind, though right in their abſtract judgment of things, are perpetually wrong in their application of this judgment to perſons. Here its purity is deſtroyed by aſſociations, which mix in its deciſions

deciſions and debaſe its value. The common opinion waits upon the efforts of a few ſuperior wits, who march before to cut down the barriers, that the muddy ſtream may eſcape, and clarify itſelf in its courſe. I agree, then, that in regard to perſons, give the public mind but time enough, and its opinions will be gradually depurated; but unfortunately this proceſs of fining is ſo ſlowly performed, that it is odds but in the mean time ſucceſs has crowned the impoſture. But to proceed with the group of characters to which my friend was beginning to introduce me.

"THERE is Dr. ******, of the ſcholar's department," continued my communicative friend, "a venerable linguiſt, commentator and ſcholiaſt: If your bent be towards languages, I do not know what better model I can lay before you. The Doctor was whipped through a public ſchool to very little purpoſe: It was not till he had been a twelve month at college that thoſe fine obliquities of his genius began to expand, and, taking a thouſand ſlant and croſs directions, to graze the confines

confines of many of thoſe remote provinces of ſcholarſhip, where few of our hardieſt academics have dared to venture. Impelled by a generous love of diſtinction, and rightly judging that in the ordinary paths of literature, to acquire fame he muſt penetrate farther and perſevere longer than ſuited the reach of his underſtanding or his powers of application, he ſtruck out at once into thoſe roads where few were diſpoſed to follow him; and, leaving common minds to grapple with common difficulties, ſet out upon thoſe great and gigantic purſuits, only to embark in which is greater glory than to carry a common undertaking to its accompliſhment." "Theſe laſt words ſuited very much the complexion of my mind; and I had begun to feel a predilection for this gallant courſe of ſtudy, when my friend proceeded thus to undeceive me, by finiſhing his portrait."

"It is with learning," continued he, "as it is with travelling. We are tired with accounts of Italy and Greece, and look with much greater admiration on him who tells us he has killed a lion, or a lynx

a lynx in Africa, or feaſted with Kamtſchadales on the fat of dogs, than one who brings back from claſſic regions freſh acceſſions to the literature of his country, and a taſte inſpired by the chaſteſt models of Athens and of Rome. The ſame gaping principle of ignorant wonder leads us to contemplate with awe the mereſt ſmattering in Hebrew, Arabic, or the Gothic languages of Northern Europe; while the Greek and Latin will ſcarcely puſh our fame beyond the walls of the Univerſity, or raiſe our fortunes above a Welch curacy. The learned gentleman in queſtion knew very well how to avail himſelf of this propenſity of the ſpecies towards the uncommon rather than the uſeful; and at the ſame time that he ſuffered no purſuits but what were extraordinary to engage him, he took care to loſe no time by proceeding a ſtep farther in any one of them than was neceſſary to impoſe upon mankind. Thus he is generally underſtood to be conſummate in the Coptic and Chaldee, and is ſuppoſed at this moment to be very buſy with the Turkiſh and Tartarian; though it is well known to us who are in the ſecret,

cret, he would be puzzled to aſk his way in any place out of his Majeſty's three kingdoms. He has always, however, a kind of Lingua Franca ready at command, with which he aſſiſts certain authors of our fraternity, who undertake to elucidate ancient cuſtoms and manners by the help of the analogies of language; likewiſe thoſe who endeavor to account for the firſt peopling of countries by verbal coincidences; and all thoſe travellers who deſcribe more than they have ſeen. As all this, however, was playing a very deep game, and as one or two ventures had been a little unlucky for him, he determined to make haſte to profit by his reputation; and about two months ago, eſpouſed the daughter of a capital grocer, whoſe heart he had gained by interpreting the Chineſe characters on a cheſt of Souchong. I am informed, however, that the grocers daughter is a match for him with only one language, and will fairly out talk him at the end of a long day." "The diſguſt which this picture excited in my mind was ſufficiently explained in my looks; and my inſtructor

inſtructor waited for no other anſwer, but thus proceeded.....

"ANOTHER of my intimate acquaintance ſupports a very high degree of credit at a much cheaper rate, and is thought to have made the beſt bargain with Fame of any of our fraternity. His great talent lies in the art of preſerving a moſt politic and pregnant ſilence. In exchange, however, he is profuſe in nods, bows, ſmiles, contortions of feature, and ſhakes of the head. He is ſuppoſed to be very profound in the mathematics; and as this is not a verboſe ſpecies of knowledge, and cannot eaſily be diſplayed in converſation, the world is content without any other proof than the teſtimonies afforded by thoſe who are intereſted in propagating the belief of his abilities.

"As the nods and geſticulations of this man have a ſort of oracular equivocality, every one ſuppoſes the deciſion in his own favor. He is therefore an acceptable gueſt at a great many good tables; and as his particular employment is thought

thought to impart great force to the judgment, every one is proud of his acquiescence, and regards it as an omen of victory in whatever diſpute he happens to be engaged. Thus he not only dines every day for nothing, but with leſs interruption than any of the company. Suſpect me not, Sir, of inſinuating that your abilities are ſo low in themſelves as to need either pretence or diſguiſe; but, believe me, whatever they are, the fame of them may be prodigiouſly enhanced by this negative chicane, if conducted with addreſs."

"I REPLIED, that ſilence was not ill accommodated to my talents or turn of mind; but that I was ſo unpractiſed in impoſition, that I deſpaired of ſucceeding, even where my only taſk was to hold my tongue. This was not enough to diſcourage my friend from proceeding with his liſt after having aſſured me that theſe were the prejudiced of a green author, whom the logic of hunger had not taught to conclude, that the world muſt, after all, be treated in its own way.

"VOLTAIRE

"VOLTAIRE ſays of Gaſſendi, *Il avoit moins de réputation que Deſcartes, parce qu'il étoit plus raiſonnable*; and the truth of this remark was well underſtood by a young gentlemen of my acquaintance, who, being determined to raiſe a reputation on a very ſlender foundation, ſaw no way ſo good, of conciliating the praiſe of mankind, as by contradicting them as roundly as poſſible. On whatever ſubject this gentleman's thoughts are exerciſed, he is ſure to turn up ſomething that nobody has dreamed of before; and where he cannot perſuade by the ingenuity of his argument, he never fails to ſurpriſe by the hardineſs of his aſſertions. He affects in every thing a *goût de travers*; and the zeal of oppoſition has carried him to an incredible pitch of abſurdity in the points of dreſs and deportment. To avoid the imputation of thinking like other men, he ſtops at no profanation in principle, or ſoleciſm in taſte. He commends Dr. P******y for his religious arguments, as much as he condemns his philoſophical reſearches; and is much offended at the preference beſtowed on the

theories of Newton above thoſe of Deſcartes and Buffon. He pretends to great depth in the occult ſciences, and praiſes them chiefly for the certainty they afford, and their ſuperior preciſion to the deductions of mathematics. He accordingly affects to be greatly enamored of the ſciences of phyſiognomy, demonology and aſtrology, where it is not eaſy to diſpute the ground with him, and where ignorance finds a refuge from the weapons of logic, and eſcapes like the cuttle fiſh by muddying the ſtream through which it glides. By theſe means, this gentleman has ſucceeded in raiſing a curioſity about his productions, which prepares them an univerſal reception, and has turned them very much to his profit. He is now engaged in writing an apology for polytheiſm, with a hymn to Jupiter Olympus, who, it is ſuppoſed, will reward him, by deſcending again in a ſhower of gold.

"ANOTHER knight of this, our venerable order, has adopted a plan of proceeding, remarkable for the ingenuity of

of its conception, no leſs than the eaſe and certainty of its execution. He obſerved, that the general did not fight like the ſoldier, and yet engroſſed all the honor of the day; and that the maſter maſon, and the owner of the mill, and not thoſe who actually performed the labor, were the principal gainers in their ſeveral crafts. It was his ambition to introduce a like diſpoſition of things into the provinces of literature, and to bring it under thoſe laws of exchange and profit, to which all things ſhould bend in a commercial country. To get his work done cheaply, it was his firſt care to ſearch out obſcure wits, whom the urgency of their affairs rendered happy to find any market for their labors; youthful geniuſes, who knew not as yet the value of their productions, or thoſe timid ſpirits, who, not daring to execute their own conceptions, require a taſkmaſter to prompt their efforts, and accredit their productions. The ſucceſs which has attended this gentleman's career, has been equal to the dexterity of his conduct; while the real founder of his proſperity has often, like the

the lamp to which Anaxagoras compared himſelf, been on the eve of periſhing for want of oil.

"As he is not unaware of the diſproportion that would manifeſt itſelf between his diſcourſe and his publications, he maintains an inflexible taciturnity on every queſtion which might hazard the credit of his underſtanding; and, by a maſter piece of addreſs, has impoſed this political conduct upon the world for the natural reſult of a ſimple and unambitious mind. A negligence of dreſs and deportment, and a general *nonchalance* of behavior, contribute not a little to favor the impoſture; for when we once are become enthuſiaſts in behalf of a man's virtues or abilities, his character rather caſts luſtre upon his foibles, than his foibles reproach upon his character; and we accept the excuſe which Milton has ſuggeſted in the following paſſage.....*Mens quaſi grandior facta in tantis corporis anguſtiis difficulter agitans ſe, minus habilis eſt ad exquiſtiores ſalutationum geſticulationes.*"

"You

"YOU are ſurpriſed, perhaps," ſaid Eugenio, "that I remember ſo well the greateſt part of this lecture; but the truth is, that it intereſted me in a more than common degree, and occupied my thoughts night and day for ſome time after; not to mention ſome memorandums which I made on my return to my chamber. I could not help remarking, however, at the time," continued Eugenio, "that it was a little extraordinary for a gentleman who had given proofs, in the courſe of the converſation, of reſpectable abilities, to mix in ſo low a conſpiracy, and demean himſelf by the adoption of ſuch illiberal arts." "It is true," he replied, "I am not ſo deſtitute of real claims as ſome of thoſe to whoſe characters I have introduced you; but as I was full as deſtitute of money, I conſidered that the returns would be too ſlow for my neceſſities if I employed my talents in the ſervice of mankind. Men do not read out of gratitude towards the author, but from intereſt in his work: They ſpeak well of a man, if they ſpeak of him AT ALL, who writes for their improvement; but they

do not read his book the more on that account. We muſt conſult, therefore, the methods by which this intereſt is to be excited; and as men are more alive to abuſe than they are to kindneſs, an author will do well to practice upon them in this rough manner, if he hopes to draw advantage out of them. I will frankly own to you, I bring rather too much feeling and nicety into the buſineſs for the particular department of authorſhip which I have choſen, and do not entirely poſſeſs thoſe rigid nerves, thoſe *cornea fibra*, which are ſo neceſſary to form the great man. The gentleman under whom I have ſtudied in this ſchool of ſcurility, is happy in a moſt claſſical obduracy of mind. He includes in his black liſt the innocent, the generous, the dignified and the brave; and, to pay his lodgings for a month, will hang them all up together in a ſtring of doggrel rhymes.

"Our time," continued he, "will not permit me to go more at length into my preſent ſubject; indeed you give me but ſmall encouragement to proceed,

as

as I ſee in you, little or no diſpoſition to become one among our worthies. Believe me, however, on the credit of no mean experience, that neither learning nor talents will avail, where addreſs and management are wanting. Whatever is the ſubject of much competition, will neceſſarily accumulate round itſelf much deception and impoſture; it is the nature of all human things; and while every one is practiſing his arts about him, he impoſes upon himſelf egregiouſly who dreams of gaining his dues from mankind without ſome degree of impoſition on his own part. All the world are ſo exalted on ſtilts, that a giant becomes a dwarf without them. A part of your youth, as well as my own, has been ſpent in the groves of the academy; but your habits of ſecluſion were ſuch, as to let you but little into the hiſtory of the different characters around you; had your obſervation been greater, you would have ſeen that not even the Muſes' ſeat was ſecure from theſe ſort of profanations, and that the hallowed river, even at its ſource, is not entirely pure from ſtains and corruptions. You have there, as ev-

ery

ery where, a great deal of affectation without learning, and but little learning without affectation.

"I USED to see with sorrow, for I once had a patriotic love of literature, men of real erudition, by striving to appear more knowing than they were and to draw more than their share of attention, outrage the dignity of their talents, by contracting a distortion of manner, which, while it has scandalised plain men, has passed with their juvenile admirers for the genuine characteristic of genius, and the uncommon produce of uncommon ability. You have there the loose stocking hero, who claims to be an extraordinary wit, by neglecting the ordinary duties and decencies of life, and who gains additional admiration by a beggarly indecorum of dress and deportment. There are some who find their account in the affectation of roughness and inurbanity of behavior; some enhance their credit by stammering; some squint themselves into reputation; and some manage to raise a literary on the ruins of their moral fame.

Many

Many impoſe by ſilence, many by volubility of tongue, ſome by an habitual ſneer, and others by an unremitting frown. So true is the remark of Rochefoucault, *Il y a certains défauts qui bien mis en œuvre brillent plus que la vertu même.*

"THERE are a body of authors, of whom I have not yet taken notice, becauſe they are viewed by our fraternity with that kind of jealouſy and indignation with which the poorer ſort regard the inventors of thoſe machines which are calculated to abridge employment..... I mean the literary manufacturers. Late years have brought their engines to great perfection; inſomuch that a good workman, if furniſhed with the raw materials from a rhyming dictionary, may compoſe two or three hundred lines a day. *Scit tendere verſum.....non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* It is curious to enter the apartment of one of theſe mechanical poets, and view it ſtrewed with heaps of half lines from Pope, Dryden, &c. which are joined together in a moment like conjuration with *cæſuras* between them to keep

keep the peace, that never fail to fall, like ſmiths' hammers, exactly in the ſame place."

"HERE my kind inſtructor again conſulted his watch; and finding it time to depart, took an obliging leave of me, with a promiſe of aſſiſtance and advice upon all occaſions. I turned myſelf homewards, with a boſom diſmantled of all its towering hopes, and abandoned to diſappointment and remorſe, its uſual aſſailants."

EUGENIO AND HIS *AMELIA.*

No. V.

Trials of Virtue.....Same Story.

*Virginium cogito, Virginium video, Virginium jam vanis imaginibus, recentibus tamen, audio, alloquor, teneo.....*Plin. Epiſt.

I contemplate Eugenio, I ſee Eugenio; in my vain, but vivid imagination, I hear, I hold, I converſe with Eugenio.

"MY mind," continued Eugenio, "which before this converſation had already begun to deſpond, felt the full force of its inquietude return at theſe unwelcome inſtructions. I viewed the ſcene which my friend had preſented to me, as a wide and deſolated foreſt, in which all the ſtraight and towering timber, the venerable pride of the place, had fallen, and none but a kind of literary pollards remained,

maïned, ſending from their penurious tops a paltry growth of little branches, ſhort in their duration, feeble in their texture, and ſervile in their uſes. The repugnance to my employment, which followed from this change in my ſentiments, doubled its difficulty, and made it truly laborious; and in the ſame proportion the neceſſity of application and confinement was increaſed, till my health began to feel the effects of this perpetual conflict.

"As the progreſs of my indiſpoſition was very gradual, I attended but little to its firſt approaches, till at length it attacked me with ſuch violence, that I was one morning unable to riſe from my bed, after a night of painful application. My fever, which was of a nervous kind, entrenched ſo much upon my underſtanding, that I became totally uſeleſs to my employer; and, for the three weeks following, my life was conſidered as in imminent danger. My employer, who ſaw his chance of compenſation leſſening in proportion to the length and danger of my diſorder, grew proportionably leſs ſolicitous

ous about my treatment; and I was turned over to an apothecary and an old woman, who, between them, were conducting me very fast to my dissolution. At the end of fourteen days my senses had almost abandoned me, and I became pretty much unconscious of what was passing around me. This dereliction of mind lasted but a short time; and my surprise was not little, when I regained my faculties, to find a very officious attendance at my bedside, and every convenience and solace which my situation required. I was now visited by a physician, whose methods of treatment succeeded beyond expectation; and in a few days I felt myself much advanced in my recovery.

"As soon as my thoughts began to return to the objects of this existence, after having been some time absorbed in the contemplation of another, my pride, my gratitude and my curiosity, were all interested in discovering the humane quarter whence these silent benefits had flowed. I could collect nothing, however, towards the explanation of this myst-

tery from any body that attended me, though I could obſerve that my kind hoſt affected an air of conſciouſneſs as if he wiſhed the ſuſpicion to fall upon himſelf. I was now, however, too well read in mankind to be the dupe of ſuch a fineſſe; and as my blind ſenſibilities had no where elſe to faſten, I felt myſelf ſtrongly diſpoſed to ſee in my phyſician my only friend and benefactor. This perſuaſion operated ſo ſtrongly upon my feelings, that I could not forbear ſeizing an opportunity of confeſſing my ſuſpicions to him, and entreating him if they were erroneous, to draw aſide the veil that hid from me to whom thoſe unappropriated feelings belonged, which ſo agitated my boſom.

"THIS gentleman, it ſo happened, had too honorable a mind to give a tacit encouragement to a belief which conferred upon him the credit of an action unowned by the delicacy of its real author. He aſſured me he had no claim to my acknowledgments, except as the agent of another, whoſe ſilent charities ſtole abroad like dews under the ſhade of night, and who

who had laid upon him ſuch injunctions of ſecrecy, as he could not in honor diſregard, however painful it was to be dumb on ſuch an occaſion. I was conſtrained, therefore, to ſuffer the myſtery to remain, after my thoughts were fatigued by a thouſand vain efforts to find ſome other clue for its detection. I am truly aſhamed to confeſs, that at that time pride had as large a ſhare in the diſappointment as gratitude; and I felt myſelf ſhocked at the conſideration that I had owed my preſervation to any hands but my own. But how mean and unmanly is that pride which is at variance with the nobleſt feelings that the boſom can entertain! that makes of the mind a deſolate inſulated ſolitude, where no harbor is open to the commerce of benevolence, or medium afforded to the produce of humanity.

"THE anxieties and mortifications of life are thorns whereon ſcience rarely builds her neſt. The very name of a book raiſed painful ideas in my mind; and my intellect not having yet recovered its original tone, I forbore to puſh it beyond

yond its ſtrength, for fear of occaſioning a relapſe. In the mean time, the care that was taken of me, and the aſſiduity with which I was attended, kept me ſtill in an anxious perplexity in reſpect to the ſource of theſe humanities. One day, as I was leaning out of my window for the ſake of the air, a lady walked out of the ſhop below, and, having proceeded a few ſteps, was ſtopped by an elderly gentleman, who engaged her in converſation exactly under me, and whom I ſoon perceived to be the phyſician by whom I had been attended. Though the circumſtances of this meeting were ſufficient to rouſe all my curioſity, yet a feeling of common delicacy was forcing me to retreat, when I heard my name pronounced by a voice that ſeemed to ſympathiſe with my ſufferings, and which was ſurely the ſweeteſt that ever came from the lips of woman. I could no longer reſiſt; and, liſtening attentively, I diſtinguiſhed the following ſentence, pronounced by the ſame lips from which my name had iſſued.....Well, Sir, as you tell me he is a young man of merit, I am doubly happy in having contributed

tributed to reſtore him to his friends and to ſociety." "What followed was in ſo low a tone of voice, that I could hear nothing that was ſaid. As ſhe took leave, however, of the doctor, ſhe accidentally caſt a look at the window where I was. I thought her concern in my recovery made her regard me with an unuſual attention; and her beauty was ſuch as to rivet mine, in ſpite of my ſhame and my pride. The eloquence of her large blue eyes, and a complacent ſympathy in her expreſſion that almoſt bordered upon a ſmile, the graces of her ſhape, and the dignity of her deportment, all, added to the conviction with which I was now impreſſed that to this ſweet perſon I had owed my recovery, made me forget that I ought to have felt confuſion at the act in which I was detected. My debt of gratitude ſeemed to have grown much larger ſince I had diſcovered to whom it was owing; and my eyes were faſtened upon her as long as ſhe remained in ſight, while the tears ſtreamed down my face, as if I was to loſe her for ever. What were my feelings the remainder of that day, it is need-

leſs to repreſent to you: They were ſuch as kept the image of this excellent woman conſtantly preſent to my mind, and ſet my thoughts a roving over a thouſand viſionary proſpects. As I could not reſt till I had given ſome vent to my ſenſibilities, I ſucceeded after many failures, in finiſhing the following letter, which the man who attended the ſhop, and who knew her abode, conveyed to her the next morning.

"MADAM,

"IT is in vain that, anxious to diſtribute your bounties unſeen, you deſire to imitate the great Diſpenſer of all things; ſuch perfection of virtue is denied you in a place where ſuch goodneſs is too rare to eſcape obſervation. I have ſeen you; and had I ſeen VIRTUE herſelf embodied, ſhe could not have taken a form more becoming her excellence. This is not gallantry; for how ſhould I hope to pleaſe a perſon who ſo ſtudiouſly ſhrinks from applauſe, by common place eulogy? .....But this, Madam, is the tribute of a man that knows not how to flatter, and whoſe fortunes are too humble, were he

ſo

ſo diſpoſed, to give his flattery effect. In one reſpect, however, to remain unſeen may be your greateſt charity: For, be aſſured, that ſuch benevolence, ſo ſet off, can be contemplated by none with impunity. I regard myſelf, indeed, as ſafe, in an adoration which excludes paſſion, and an awe that checks preſumption; ſafe in the habit of conſidering myſelf too much the outcaſt of Fortune to cheriſh any views towards your delightful ſex. Thus fortified by my inſignificancy, I dare aſk to be permitted to pour at your feet the effuſions of the moſt grateful of hearts; to meet again thoſe gentle looks; and kiſs, were it not too high a favor, the hand that has raiſed me from the bed of ſickneſs and ſorrow."

"THREE or four days of anxious expectation ſucceeded, without any notice being taken of my letter. During this interval, my mind was a prey to the moſt tormenting doubts: In a word, I felt like a proud man that fears he has been officious. At length, however, I received a note from my ſweet benefactreſs, deſiring

ing me to be in the Park at a certain hour the following day.....a day which I could wiſh to forget forever, as the date of that melancholy with which my mind has ever ſince been overcaſt, and, what is infinitely more lamentable, of the remedileſs decay of the greateſt mind that ever inhabited a female form, and of the faireſt form that ever doubled the charms of an accompliſhed mind. Alas, Sir! how ſhall I deſcribe to you my ſenſations, I may ſay ſufferings, when I ſaw her coming towards me at the place appointed! My knees tottered under me, as if they carried an unuſual weight, and I was ready to tumble at every ſtep: Till at length my feelings overcame my ſtrength, and I fairly ſunk down upon a bench in a moſt unmanly trepidation. She approached me as I ſat, and ſeemed an angel charged with ſome gracious meſſage. At length I ſummoned my fortitude, and advanced, trembling, towards her. She ſtretched out her fair hand to me, with a frankneſs that enchanted me, and gave me at the ſame time that confidence of which I ſtood ſo much in need. It is impoſſible to detail the converſation

converſation which paſſed; it was ſuch as raiſed my admiration of her underſtanding, as much as it had already been raiſed by her ſweetneſs and generoſity of mind. She left me, with an injunction to call upon her the next morning.....an appointment, it is unneceſſary to ſay, I was punctual in obſerving. I found her in her ſtudy, with a book before her, in which ſhe ſeemed to be making memorandums of her bounties, while the angel was regiſtering them in heaven. As I approached her, ſhe took off her large mellow eyes, yet gliſtening with the dews of charity, and fixed on me ſuch an affectionate regard, that that moment repaid me for all the pains I had hitherto endured.

"THIS, Sir," ſaid ſhe, bidding me ſit down by her ſide, "is the way in which I amuſe myſelf during the abſence of my huſband. I have more money than I can ſpend upon myſelf, by reaſon of the little ſatisfaction I receive in the pleaſures which money can purchaſe. You perceive, therefore, that I can appropriate to myſelf but little credit for theſe bounties,

as

as the ſacrifice they demand from me is ſo ſmall. My compaſſion too you may perhaps conſider as of a contracted ſort; for I confeſs to you that the calls of loud and clamorous misfortune do but little excite it.....the ſhalloweſt ſtreams murmur moſt in their courſe. I am in the habit of ſearching only for that peculiar wretchedneſs which courts concealment, and flows in a deep and ſilent channel through the vale of miſery. The fruit of this employment has been a conſtant ſerenity and cheerfulneſs of mind, under circumſtances which, in the opinion of the world, muſt neceſſarily diſturb my tranquillity. My huſband lives from me the greateſt part of the year, and, the world ſays, is falſe to me: But I take no pains to inquire into his conduct, having enough to do to preſerve my own from contamination."

"How it was, I cannot tell, but I felt it no mortification to be informed that ſhe was married: I had never raiſed my hopes to an union with her; and ſingular though it may ſeem, in the whole courſe of our friendſhip nothing of the vulgar

vulgar paſſion ever mixed with my affection for this beſt of women. Unriddle me, Sir, if you can, for you probably are more read in theſe ſubjects than myſelf, how is it that, in our connexions with the ſex, we ſometimes feel too much admiration for love, and too much obligation for intimacy, at the ſame time that our zeal and devotion tranſcend even common love, prepare the mind for greater ſacrifices, and carry it to a higher pitch of enthuſiaſm?

"SOMETHING like this, Sir, was my attachment to this adorable perſon: But alas! Sir, in what terms ſufficiently chaſte and ſanctified ſhall I confeſs to you that ſuch was not the temper of her own regards; our affections are always mellowed towards thoſe whom we have greatly obliged; and the pity with which we view the children of misfortune, is very apt, ere we are conſcious of the change, to ſoften into love. Indeed, Sir, if you have eſcaped the miſery of beholding it, believe me, it is the moſt painful of all human ſights, to contemplate the decay of a great

great and ornamented mind.....to behold it the innocent prey of an hopeleſs paſſion .....to ſee it defoliated and withered, juſt as it had accompliſhed its growth. Such an affecting ſight was I deſtined to behold in my dear benefactreſs, with the additional ſorrow inſpired by the reflexion, that, in ſaving me, ſhe loſt herſelf, and that my very exiſtence is implicated in the deſtruction of the faireſt and beſt of women.

"In ſuch circumſtances, Sir, what are my hopes of happineſs on this ſide the grave? My very life is a reproach to me: And with my breath I draw in an accumulation of that debt which is poorly paid in ſighs to her memory. By the decay of her mind, ſuppoſe not that I mean any vitiation of ſentiment, or impoveriſhment of principle, much leſs any ſtain upon that virtue which paſſed imaculate with her to the grave, and was pure enough for an angel to own, after all that was mortal had periſhed. But ſuch were the effects of her fatal paſſion, that I was doomed to ſee all her energies of ſoul.....

even

even her alacrity in the ſervice of humanity, droop; her ſpirits languiſh; and the ſceptre drop from that mind, where reaſon and compaſſion had reigned together. Alas! Sir, do tell me, how I ſhall ever diſcharge ſuch a debt as this, unleſs by dying a martyr, like her, which is ſurely an improbable event, to the mercileſs effects of a fruitleſs paſſion.

"I SHALL ſpare both myſelf and you, by avoiding a detail of this unhappy attachment, which, taking place in a mind too unſuſpicious of its growth, and too innocent to regard itſelf with diſtruſt, attained inſenſibly to ſuch a gigantic ſtrength, that no force could withſtand it, or even moderate its violence. It lay a long time concealed in the deep ſanctuary of her boſom, till an event happened, which drew aſide the veil, and diſplayed the ſecret ruin that paſſion had wrought. We were one day on the road at a late hour, when two highwaymen ſtopped the carriage; one of whom putting his piſtol brutally to the cheek of my companion, I was unable to reſtrain my indignation, and

wreſting it with violence from his hand, brought him to the ground with the butt end. At the ſame moment a bullet from the other grazed my temple, whom however I managed to treat as I had done his comrade, and in the end ſecured them both.

"On my return to the carriage, I found the dear lady ſo ill, that it was neceſſary to ſtop at the next inn we came to for reſt and refreſhment. Her gentle ſpirits had been ſo agitated during the encounter, that ſhe was ſome time in recovering her faculties. In her delirium ſhe inſiſted that I was ſhot through the heart, and held her handkerchief to my breaſt to ſtop the blood which her diſordered fancy repreſented as flowing in torrents. As her reaſon had at this moment deſerted its poſt, her paſſion had nothing to oppoſe it. From time to time ſhe flung her arms round my neck, and imprinted kiſſes on my cheek; then recovering herſelf, put her handkerchief again to my ſuppoſed wound, and caſt her eyes up to heaven, ſtreaming with tears. It is my firm perſuaſion, however, that not one thought,

thought, which ſaints might bluſh to acknowledge, found its way into that ſpotleſs mind; and I may ſafely ſay, that theſe blandiſhments had no other effect upon me, than to diſtract my ſoul with the cruelleſt preſages. In the ſtate in which ſhe was, it was neceſſary to reſt at the inn; and, as her ſervant informed me, ſhe did nothing but talk in her ſleep of Eugenio all the night long; and call for freſh handkerchiefs to ſtop his bleeding wound. Alas! Sir, I am almoſt tempted to wiſh that it had really been a bleeding wound, and that that night had been my laſt; but I was unhappily preſerved to feel a deeper wound than any bullet could have inflicted. Happy had it been for me, had the chances of battles in which I have ſince been engaged, releaſed me from my melancholy exiſtence!

"THE next morning this beſt of women had recovered her uſual ſerenity, and fortunately retained but a faint recollection of the tranſactions of the preceding evening. From this moment I marked the gradual waſte of her ſpirits and

and underſtanding: But the expreſſion of humanity had given her unperiſhing graces; and though in a few months nothing was left but the ſhadow of that beauty that was made to rob princes of their reſt, yet enough of her native lovelineſs remained to manifeſt that it was a decay without degeneracy, and that her virtue, though inactive for a while, was waiting in dormant ſuſpenſe the ſummons to a more ſuitable exiſtence. Mean while the breath of ſcandal, which tainted her reputation, gave her not a minute's ſorrow; and ſhe repined, for their own ſakes, at the malignities of her ſex. Confuſion to that outrageous virtue, that can feaſt, like ſavages, on the very blood of the fallen! As to myſelf it has ever been my opinion, that want of charity is the greateſt hereſy, and that the infirmities of the ſex are above their ſeverities.

EUGENIO AND HIS AMELIA.

No. VI.

Same Story.... Fresh Character.... Fresh Vicissitudes.

Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impune, Lolli, carpere lividæ
Oblivioni.

Ah! never shall thy modest fame
In silence sink without a name:
While I can write, while I can feel,
The tomb shall not thy worth conceal,
Nor shall the livid hand of death
Steal unreveng'd thy gentle breath.

"AS soon," continued Eugenio, "as my eyes were opened to the full extent of danger into which we had incautiously plunged ourselves, I was determined to exert every power that was left to

me, to avert the malevolence of our ſtars. As I had juſt received from home a bad account of my mother's health, I embraced this occaſion of making a viſit to my parents. I ſhall not ſpeedily forget the ſenſations with which my boſom was filled, upon my father's obſerving the many new lines which marked a new hiſtory in my countenance. In truth, he ſaw enough in my manner and deportment to convince him, that the BRILLIANT CAREER, in the proſpect of which his imagination had indulged, had not yet been entered upon. In the mean time, ſorrows were coming faſt upon me from another quarter. The following letter was the laſt I ever received from that hand which raiſes miſery no more from its bed of ſickneſs, but waits in the ſilent grave till it is called up to receive a recompence above, for its unrewarded charities on earth.

"LET not my beſt of friends feel a moment's ſadneſs on my account. All my ſuffering is over; there is now no ſtruggle, no conflict in my boſom. My ſpirits are ſuddenly become wonderfully

tranquil....and I know not how: I do not even lament my ſituation....and I know not why: It is not certainly becauſe any new proſpects within the barrier of the grave are opening themſelves to my mind. One thing however, my dear youth, I feel it neceſſary to inſiſt upon, for our mutual repoſe....and that is, that we meet no more in this mortal ſtate. May your paſſage through life be as ſmooth as my departure out of it! and let your ſorrow for me be ſolaced in the reflection, that I am ſnatched from no enjoyments for which I could wiſh to remain; and that as to thy ſociety, which is a pleaſure indeed, I am going to the only place where I can have that with innocence and irreproach. Fare thee well!

"You muſt, no doubt, Sir, feel it time to have your attention diverted from this diſmal picture....but to what objects more cheerful can I direct it? In my ſhort acquaintance with life, I have met with nothing that has raiſed in me much enjoyment. If I ſucceed in rendering myſelf, by the aid of a religious philoſophy, independent of what uſed to raiſe

raiſe pain in my boſom, I ſhall think that I have pretty well filled up the meaſure of my allotment here. Birth, nature and education, as you perceive, all marked me out for a man of melancholy. Our minds are a kind of muſical inſtruments, in which there is ſomething in the quality of their ſounds that originally adapts them to grave or merry airs, and which, if you ſtrain them from their native bias, will often turn grief into burleſque, and falſify merriment with involuntary touches of ſorrow.

"I HAD been about a fortnight at home, when a young gentleman took a lodging at a quarter of a mile diſtance from our cottage, in order to purſue the diverſion of ſhooting, an exerciſe in which he took great delight, and for which the country about us has been much celebrated. It happened, that in two or three days after his arrival, in his ſearch after game, accident brought him within our little territory. Our family was aſſembled together in an arbor at the end of the orchard, where my ſiſter was reading to us, when this

this young gentleman came close up to the place where we were sitting. As soon as he perceived us, he seemed a little surprised; but, recovering himself, approached my father with an air of polite concern, and expressed himself sorry for the interruption his frequent firing must have occasioned us. He then put the game which he had killed into his servant's hands, and begged to be permitted to send them to our house.

"My father, with whom it was a point of honor never to be outdone in good natured offices, insisted so much on his walking home with us, and partaking of some refreshment, that he could not help accepting his invitation. I thought, as he walked beside my mother, I never saw a manlier figure than that of the young stranger. His limbs were large, but not ponderous, and adjusted to the nicest proportions. A complacency and sweetness of countenance mingled itself with a boldness of expression, that bespoke him at once brave and compassionate. His forehead and all his features were large, without

out being coarſe: His noſe aqualine; his eyes, hazel, and full of fire; his mouth, wide, but ſet well in its place, and full of intelligence when he ſmiled. His manners were perfectly open and aſſured; his confidence ſeemed to ſpring from good intention, and his vivacity from good nature; while his ſenſe prevented this good intention from being miſtaken, and his ſenſibility, his good nature from becoming tame and unintereſting.

"THIS accidental introduction naturally led to a further intimacy; and in the courſe of a month, my father began to be extremely fond of the youth, whoſe name was Laurens. I wiſh indeed that my father had been the only one of the family on whom this young man's attractions had made any impreſſion: The truth is, they had bewitched the whole houſe. My mother was enthuſiaſtic in his praiſe; but the effects of thoſe attractions on the tender boſom of my ſiſter have been fatal to her health and her peace. In truth, my poor Sophy is a girl whom few can behold without intereſt.....To that intereſt

tereſt her ſubſequent ſorrows have added what they have taken from the ſplendor of her charms. There never was a bodily machine ſo nicely formed to expreſs the movements of a delicate mind as that which Sophia poſſeſſes. An exquiſite ſlenderneſs of ſhape, a fairy lightneſs of carriage, a ſubtle elegance that ſteals into every act and geſture, and yet eludes detection; a pervaſive beauty without name, deſcription, or place, but in the heart of the beholder, conſpire to give her the air of the heroine of a romance, or of one of thoſe

> "Fairie damſels met in foreſts wide,
> By knights of Logres or of Lyones,
> Lancelot, or Peleas, or Pellenore."

"My father's loftineſs of ſentiment, and the kind of reading that uſually took place amongſt us, had not failed to give a certain coloring to my ſiſter's character. With a ſenſibility beyond example, ſhe could not hear the perpetual eulogy of brave actions, and the conſtant expreſſion of gallant feelings, without becoming a little of the enthuſiaſt

in

in her fancies, and falling into ſome aberrations of ſentiment. How often, when both of us were children, has ſhe ſat whole hours to hear me, with extravagant delight, deſcribe the different ſieges in which my father has been concerned; building up my fortifications of mahogany and converting whatever I could wield into bombs and mortars! Yet, mixed up with this ardor of mind, there was a ſevere ſenſe of ſhame, which reſtrained it within its due limits, and in the end, indeed, turned it inwardly upon itſelf, when the anxiety of her ſituation made it operate too ſtrongly to be moderated or ſubdued.

"A PERSON ſo elegantly conſtituted, with an eye of anarchy that refuſed the controul of her modeſty; a ſoul on fire, that maintained an endleſs ſtruggle with her prudence; a body trembling to every movement of the mind; could not fail of touching the heart of a young man whoſe countenance beſpoke him no ſtranger to the ſofter paſſions, any more than they could ſave a young woman from the attractions of a youth decorated with ſhe

the choiceſt gifts of nature, and glittering with all the poliſh of cultivation. There never ſurely was a truer model of a lover and a gentleman, than that which was diſplayed by this young ſtranger. His attentions were ſo delicate, his aſſiduity ſo tender, and his whole deportment ſo manly, open and engaging, that Sophy could not conceal her approbation, and a very little time was ſufficient to ripen this ſentiment into love; and love indeed it was, of the trueſt and tendereſt kind that ever man inſpired, and of which princes might envy the object.

"I SPEAK, Sir, in theſe terms of eulogy of my poor ſiſter, becauſe ſhe is unfortunate; for there is in misfortune ſomething that challenges all the praiſe which is its due, and that praiſe which at other times it might be indelicate to beſtow. Their intercourſe was now arrived at ſuch a ſtate of maturity, that it was thought time to declare themſelves to my father and mother.....a ſervice which Mr. Laurens performed with every appear-

ance of honor and ſincerity. Yet it was a circumſtance not a little ſurpriſing, that when we requeſted to be informed on the ſubject of his family and connexions, he begged to be excuſed from complying with this demand, reaſonable as it was, as he had powerful motives for concealing them at preſent, which he was ſure our kind opinion of him would not ſuffer us to imagine to be ſuch as he was aſhamed to avow. My ſiſter was ſo ſatisfied of his honor, and our prejudices were ſo ſtrong in his favor, that we could not ſuſpect him of diſingenuous reaſons for keeping from us this eſſential part of his hiſtory. My mother, indeed, watched him from this time with greater caution; but the more he was obſerved, the more amiable he appeared; and nothing could equal the happineſs he ſeemed to enjoy in Sophia's company, but the reſpect and delicacy of his carriage towards her. Things were in this ſtate at our little cottage in the country, when the poſt brought me the following letter from London.

"SIR,

"SIR,

"No man rivals me in the affections of my wife with impunity; and he who has so done, and refuses to give me satisfaction with his sword, is a coward as well as a villain. How far you have gone with Mrs. ****** I do not trouble myself with enquiring; it is enough for me that you have, somehow or other, robbed her of her peace and her health. That Love is a poison, I never was so convinced as now; for no serpent's juice could more effectually have destroyed the lady whom you have chosen for the object of your mischievous passion. If you have any of the feelings of a gentleman, you will not refuse to meet me at *****'s Coffeehouse, on Monday, at twelve o'clock, to fix the time, place and manner, in which we shall settle our difference."

"As every thing in this life has its consolation, so is despair itself not without it, in its privilege of exemption from fear. I felt at that moment so little interested by any thing that this existence could

could promiſe me, that I would have gladly quitted it to follow my benefactreſs. But another conſideration ſtartled me: My deſpair was bounded to the objects of this world, and I had ſtill ever before my eyes the moſt awful fears for eternity. My late ſickneſs, and ſubſequent ſorrows, had deepened every religious impreſſion which education had made on my mind; and my conſcience was not now to be ſatisfied with the ſophiſtry of the paſſions, and with arguments drawn from the unauthoriſed principles of a fictitious honor. But the misfortune is, that where conſcience is unſatisfied, ſhe cannot always enforce her claims; and ſo unripe at this period was my philoſophy, that all ſhe could obtain of me was a ſecret reſolution not to ſpill the blood of my adverſary. A long courſe of years, ſpent in the admiration of military achievments, and in the nouriſhment of thoſe captivating prejudices which the language of honor inſpires, could not at once ſubmit to a new yoke, although that yoke be eaſy, and that burden light.

"I WAS

"I WAS at the coffeehouſe which had been named, at the hour appointed. The huſband of my benefactreſs was there. He was a perſon of a gentlemanly figure, and mettleſome carriage: There was ſomething, however, of the plebeian caſt in the turn of his features, about which one might doubt, till the tone of his voice confirmed it. His eye was full of fire; but it did not burn clear, as from the furnace of a fine underſtanding; and his manner was precipitate, without the vivacity which reſults from a quickneſs of feeling and comprehenſion. In ſhort, he was not the man whom nature had intended for her whoſe bed he had filled, whoſe bed he had diſhonored, and for whom he was going to fight with her friend that had done him no wrong. I found him much too obtuſe for any arguments to enter his brain, or intereſt his ſenſibility, which humanity or religion could ſupply, againſt the crime we were going to commit: He anſwered them from the common places of honor and character, and perſiſted in his firſt reſolutions. It was decided that we ſhould meet on the

morrow evening, in a field at the back of this gentleman's houſe, which was ſituated at one of the extremities of the town. The whole of the preceding night I ſpent in a moſt unphiloſophical temper of mind: My ſpirits fluctuated amidſt a thouſand hopes and fears reſpecting that eternity I was probably going to experience. I cared not a great deal for what the ſword could do to my body, but I ſhuddered at the damage it might do to my ſoul; and I trembled at the criminality of affording to a fellow creature an opportunity of committing murder.

"It was by moon light, in one of thoſe evenings of autumn, when the chilling damps of the air, and the caducity of nature, deepen the gloom of a melancholy mind, and ſtrengthen melancholy reſolutions, that we met at the place appointed. I was alone, but my adverſary had his ſurgeon and his ſecond. As I ſtood on the ſpot on which we were to engage, I caſt my eyes ſorrowfully towards the houſe, and beheld the window of the little ſtudy in which I firſt viſited the unhappy

ſubject

ſubject of our quarrel. At that inſtant the ſhutters opened, the gleaming light of a taper appeared in the room; and in a moment after, the form of a female glided rapidly acroſs the opening. I had no time to give way to the horrors which ruſhed into my mind at this mournful ſight; my adverſary's ſword was drawn, and any more delay would have looked like fear. I drew mine alſo; determined, however, to act only on the defenſive, and if poſſible, to diſarm my enemy. This I was able to effect without much difficulty, as fencing had been one of the favorite exerciſes of my youth.

"NEAR the ſpot where we fought, there was a grove of trees, among which the wind was making a mournful noiſe, while the leaves were whirling in eddies about us. My adverſary's weapon lay on the ground, and I knew that, under our preſent circumſtances, my ſuperior ſkill might not avail me if he recovered it. I felt, however, ſo overpowered by my ſituation, that I ſtood ſtill while he ſtooped to take up his ſword. At that moment I thought

thought I heard a thick panting among the trees :.....My mind misgave me, and my hand loſt its vigor. In the mean time my adverſary preſſed on, and paſſed his weapon through my ſword arm. Immediately a violent ſhriek iſſued from the ſpot where the panting was heard ; and ſuddenly the form of her on whoſe account my blood was flowing ſtood before us. The dear unhappy lady ſtaggered into my arms and could only pronounce my unfortunate name. She was inſtantly conveyed home, and, as I afterwards learned, breathed her laſt in a few days after this wretched interview. The phyſician, by whom I had been attended, had been ſent for ; and the ſurgeon, obſerving my wound to bleed faſt, conveyed me to my lodgings. Nothing can be more vain than to attempt a deſcription of ſuch feelings as were mine, long after this melancholy event. The wound in my arm was preſently cured : But what can ever cure the wounds of my heart, but the phyſician that cures all, the grave ? This, Sir, is the great misfortune of my life : What I have ſuffered ſince, I count for nothing in compariſon. It is

this

this which has bent down my pride and my ambition, and laid to ſleep all the fervors of my mind. It is this which has made me the man of melancholy which you ſee before you; which has, as it were, ſtripped my ſoul of its regalia, and taken from me the command of my powers and capacities.

"NOTWITHSTANDING, however, the debility of my mind, in the midſt of theſe misfortunes, I was called forth into a ſcene very different from thoſe in which I had hitherto acted, and which demanded ſuch exertions as I had been well able to bring to it about two years before this event. My friend the phyſician, who had always acted towards me with a kindneſs and generoſity that could only have been inſpired by that beſt of women, of whoſe charities he had been the agent, brought me the news, one morning, of his having procured me a commiſſion in one of the regiments that were then going to ſerve in Germany. I have before obſerved to you, that the impreſſions of my childhood have never been eradicated. I felt a faint

a faint revival of the old enthuſiaſm, not enough to have carried me out of my country, had my country been any longer agreeable to me; but enough to influence a man ſo far gone in deſpair, as hardly to have a choice between life and death, and yet ſo far under the dominion of ancient habits, as to feel a kind of mechanical love to the ſoldier's profeſſion. Before I ſet out on this new career, I had juſt time to take leave of my parents in the country, whom I found ſtill enamoured of the young ſtranger whoſe acquaintance they had juſt made when I was laſt at home."

EUGENIO AND HIS *AMELIA.*

No. VII.

Remarks on War.....Foreign Adventures.

Tuque, o ſanctiſſime Conjux,
Felix morte tua, neque in hunc ſervata dolorem.
Virgil.

And thou, dear partner, of his toil, repoſe,
Bleſt in thy death, nor ſav'd for weightier woes.

"I MAY ſafely aſſert, that no ſoldier ever began his fortunes, armed with greater intrepidity than myſelf, though I confeſs that this intrepidity was borrowed rather from the deſperation of my circumſtances than the ardor of my mind. The remains, however, of former impreſſions were ſtill alive enough within me, to mount into ſome degree of enthuſiaſm, when

when ſurrounded by objects of enterpriſe and courage, and all the ſpirit ſtirring apparatus of a moving army. There is ſomething too, in a common participation of danger, which by cloſer drawing the knot of amity, and awakening the ſocial and benevolent affections, gives to the ſpirits a ſort of ſpring and hilarity which the happieſt occaſions cannot always inſpire.

"I SHALL not fatigue you with a hiſtory of the campaigns in which I ſerved, much leſs with a general account of this deſtructive war, in which ſo much of Engliſh blood was ſhed, and ſo much of Engliſh valor diſplayed. The hiſtory of wars is but a dull theme, involving a number of weariſome repetitions, and furniſhing but one mournful inference of a general kind. It teaches us only to conclude, that man can cheerfully go on to maſſacre and to plunder, without regard to the authority of reaſon or religion, in the purſuit of a vain and criminal glory, derived from the multiplied deſtruction of his fellow creatures: Yet, while we are compelled to acknowledge that war is in itſelf

itſelf a proof of the corruption of our general nature, we may ſtill conſider it as a theatre in which the moſt generous qualities of our minds are exerciſed, and in which virtue meets with more ſplendid and trying opportunities of exertion, than in the comparatively calm and equable courſe of common life. This remark, indeed, holds moſt in regard to the tumultuous warfare of ancient times, in which, though carried on with greater national ferocity and perſonal rancour than in our days, yet, from the looſer principles on which the art was grounded, fortitude was encompaſſed with more difficulties and perils, honor was provoked by loftier occaſions, and compaſſion was excited by more eminent ſorrows and diſtreſſes. Thus the hiſtory of ancient wars creates an intereſt greatly above what we feel in modern details of the ſame nature.

"THE buſineſs of war is now reduced to a perfect ſcience, and men go gravely and cooly to the bloody employment, contend without emulation, and ſlaughter without reſentment. This mode

of deſtroying our fellow creatures, the delicacy and refinement of the moderns has diſcovered to be more humane; but perhaps it would be difficult to prove, on any rational grounds, that to deſtroy from motives of intereſt, is leſs culpable than to do it with the plea of vengeance. But, however it may be conſidered in the light of humanity, in a view to hiſtory, the ancient practice had conſiderably the advantage. The indeciſiveneſs of battles, the formalities of encounter, the multitude of fortified places that retard the courſe of victory, and the intricacy and multiplicity of views and negociations, render the detail ſo dull and heavy, that, contradictory as it may appear, the moſt active parts of modern hiſtory are generally the leaſt intereſting and eventful. By the rapidity of ancient battles, we are ſo hurried along, as to loſe the idea of their inhumanity and fatal effects: By the coldneſs and deliberation of modern warfare, we gain time to reflect on its deformity. By the ſudden and mighty conſequences of ancient victories, the attention is ſolemnly fixed on the progreſs and iſſue of every conteſt; but

the

the balance of modern ſucceſſes generally leaves the ſtate of things little altered, after long and deſtructive campaigns, and an unwearied perplexity of plot and negociation.

"BUT I muſt beg your excuſe for ſo unneceſſary a digreſſion, for which, however, perhaps, you are to blame your own condeſcenſion, which, by inſpiring me with an unuſual confidence, has opened at once all the channels of my boſom. I have generally obſerved, that penſive and thinking minds, which have treaſured up, through a long ſilence, an accumulation of ſentiments and inferences, no ſooner are unlocked to the gentle calls of friendſhip, than all their contents are laviſhly poured forth, and the whole reſervoir is emptied as from ſo many ſluices and floodgates.

"I NEED not tell you, that the campaign of 1757 was not very glorious to the Britiſh arms. The firſt conſiderable action in which I partook, was very inauſpicious. I carried a pair of colors under

under the Duke of Cumberland, when he loſt the battle of Haſtenbeck, againſt the Marſhal d'Etrees. Little anxious about my life, and diſdaining to fly, I kept my ground in the midſt of a cloſe body of Hanoverians, who made a deſperate ſtand in defence of my colors. The blood I loſt from a wound I received in my thigh, made me tumble upon the bodies of thoſe brave men who had fallen by my ſide; and even in this condition, when death ſeemed inevitable, my mind run back to that ominous incident of my playful years, when holding faſt my mock banner to my little boſom, I fell breathleſs at the back of my father's garden. A wound which I now received on the back of my head, with the ſtroke of a ſabre, rendered me perfectly inſenſible to all the horrors which paſſed around me; and, when I recovered my faculties, I perceived that night was faſt coming on; that the engagement was over; and that I had been left for dead on the field, amidſt a heap of bodies, which formed a kind of rampart about me. My hat had ſo far defended me, that the blow on my head had only occaſioned a large

a large contuſion, and a conſiderable hæmorrhage, which, added to the loſs of blood from my other wound, made it difficult for me to raiſe myſelf.

"By exerting the very utmoſt of my little ſtrength, I crept along to the diſtance of about a mile from the place where I had lain, when I heard amidſt the gloomy ſilence of the night the ſound of a horſe's hoofs behind me. I had forgotten the plume in my hat, which was conſpicuous enough to diſcover me at a conſiderable diſtance; and the horſeman, directed, I ſuppoſe, by this mark, came up with me, in a few ſeconds, on the gallop. He had a drawn ſabre in his hand, from which I patiently expected my death, as I leaned againſt the trunk of a miſerable pollard in the midſt of the heath. He accoſted me in the German; but, upon my anſwering in Engliſh, he told me, in my own language, that he was a Hanoverian captain, who had been compelled to fly with his troop, after receiving a wound from a muſket ſhot in his ſhoulder. He then invited me to accompany him to a

light which he diſtingniſhed at about a mile diſtance. I aſſured him, however, that I was unable to proceed any further, and, wiſhing he might repoſe that night in a ſafe aſylum, deſired to be left where I was to finiſh my exiſtence. This humane perſon, however, perſuaded me, after many entreaties, to ſuffer myſelf to be raiſed on his horſe, which carried us to the houſe where the light had been perceived.

"As ſoon as I was taken off the horſe, I became inſenſible, through weakneſs, and was carried fainting to bed. It was morning before I came to the poſſeſſion of my faculties, when I ſaw my companion and preſerver ſitting by my bed ſide, and expreſſing in his looks the tendereſt concern for my ſituation. My wounds had been dreſſed, and I was every way ſo much recovered as to be able to converſe with him, which as ſoon as he perceived, he took me by the hand, and addreſſed me thus :....." Let it ſupport you, my dear Sir, to be aſſured that you are here under the kindeſt and moſt hoſpitable

pitable roof that the ſun ſhines upon; and the people to whom we are indebted for ſuch a ſeaſonable relief, are ſome of the beſt, if not the wealthieſt, on earth. But if you, Sir, have reaſon to rejoice, how ſupremely happy ought I to conſider myſelf not becauſe my life has been preſerved, for that is of no high price, but becauſe in this place, I have recovered that for which I ſhould moſt wiſh to live.....the beſt and moſt affectionate of wives! My poor Matilda would follow me yeſterday to the camp, in ſpite of all my perſuaſions: I would fain have lodged her in the garriſon at Hamelen; but a ſomething which ſhe had dreamed a week before, had made ſuch a gloomy impreſſion on her ſpirits, that ſhe would not part with me till we took the field againſt the enemy. Having heard that I was among the ſlain, ſhe betook herſelf laſt night to this little cottage, which is always open to misfortune, determined to ſearch the field over as ſoon as it was light, for the body of her huſband, to waſh its wounds with her tears, and perhaps to lay down her life by its ſide. You may imagine,

Sir,

Sir, what a delicious interview we have had, and how we have wept for joy in each other's arms." "As he ſpoke thus, the door opened, and the lady in queſtion entered the apartment with ſomething which ſhe ſaid was for my breakfaſt. What blood was in my body at this moment ruſhed into my cheeks. "Alas! Sir," ſaid ſhe, obſerving my embarraſſment, "be not confuſed at ſeeing me thus employed; I am never happier than when I am adminiſtering to a ſick ſoldier: It has been my occupation for years. I have been my poor huſband's ſurgeon and nurſe through ſeven campaigns; and God knows with what heartfelt joy I have many times torn my clothes, to bind up the wounds of a brave gentleman in the field of battle."

"As ſhe ſpoke thus, I raiſed my head, to contemplate this uncommon perſon. Her form I could not judge of; for ſhe had on a kind of military great coat, buckled round her waiſt with a ſoldier's belt; but her face wore every mark of an extraordinary character: Alas! it ſtill lives and breathes, and ſpeaks in my imagination,

imagination, together with another countenance, reſembling it only in ſympathy of ſadneſs and ſorrow. Surely there is no room in my mind for another portrait ſuch as theſe; and my ſtars have not in reſerve for me, any more conflicts like thoſe I have already ſuſtained." Poor Eugenio! as he ſpoke this, his head dropped upon his breaſt, his heart's blood filled the veins of his temples; a tear gliſtened on his cheek; and his boſom ſtruggled with a ſigh, which at length broke from its priſon, and gave him apparent relief. After a pauſe of ſome moments, he continued thus:

"EVERY feature in the face I was now contemplating, was bold, and would have been maſculine, were it not for a certain dimpled expreſſion about the mouth, which ſent forth innumerable graces over the whole countenance. She was the native of a Daniſh iſland in the Weſt-indies; indeed, nothing could be leſs German than the caſt of her features: Her hair was nearly black, but hung upon one of the whiteſt necks in the world, in gloſſy ringlets;

ringlets; and her long ſweeping laſhes ſhaded a pair of large luſtrous eyes, the whites of which, though ſparkling like chryſtal, were ſtreaked with two or three blood ſhot veins, in which there was ſuch a dance of the ſpirits, as brought her whole ſoul into her countenance: Her noſe was very large and aquiline; her complexion a clear brown; the form of her face oval; and her forehead divided into compartments, by a large blue vein, which ſeemed to ſwell with the workings of the brain, and which gave ſuch an intenſeneſs to her looks, as doubled the force of her meaning, and drew homage from every beholder. Her huſband was a young man, every way worthy of her, and the trueſt ſoldier I ever beheld. His looks were full of ſpirit, tempered with an extraordinary gravity; his deportment ſolemn and taciturn; his make uncommonly robuſt; his face not handſome, but dignified and benevolent; he had little hair on his head, but a profuſion of it in his whiſkers, under which, however, his mouth was well ſhaped aud expreſſive, and his teeth delicately white. When on horſe-

back

back and equipped for the field, he was the moſt martial figure in the whole army. His element was the camp; and he always ſeemed moſt poſſeſſed and collected, in the moment of the greateſt peril. A thouſand times have I ſeen him weep at the commoneſt tales of diſtreſs, and at ſuch ſcenes as the chances of battle were continually preſenting before his eyes; and then, in a minute after, ruſh like a lion into the thick of the fight, whence he would ſometimes return with the enemy's colors in his hands.

"We remained about a month under this kind roof, and in the mean time I was perfectly cured of my wounds. One day, as we walked round the territory of our poor hoſt, my companion and preſerver thus addreſſed me....." I am happy beyond meaſure, Eugenio, that our care has been ſo completely rewarded by the reſtoration of your health. You have doubtleſs ſeen enough of the military life to be heartily weary of ſuch a courſe of danger and hardſhip. You have too, moſt certainly, dear friends, who wiſh for your return;

return; and you have abilities to ſhine in a more peaceful profeſſion. I am a ſoldier, and nothing elſe: My home is the camp; and my wife, who is my only friend, attends me wherever I go. It is my determination to follow the army of the magnanimous King of Pruſſia, whoſe virtue I venerate, and who will reward my exertions in his ſervice. My wife and myſelf always carry our fortune about with us. We have enough to enable you to travel homewards with comfort, and to reward this poor cottager for his kind reception of us beſides." This was the firſt ſenſation, reſembling joy which I had felt for a length of time. My color, however, roſe in my face, to think that ſo noble a friend ſhould imagine me capable of deſerting him. I ſtrained him to my boſom with ſincere delight, and aſſured him that nothing ſhould induce me to leave him, while I thought my company would give him pleaſure, or render him ſervice. It was determined, therefore, between us, to ſet out in a fortnight for the Pruſſian army. In the mean time Matilda's health declined, and a cold which ſhe had caught

in

in the offices of humanity had fixed itſelf upon her lungs. It was with the greateſt difficulty we perſuaded her to remain where ſhe was, till the concluſion of the next campaign. My friend left the greateſt part of the little money he poſſeſſed, between Matilda and the poor cottager and his wife; and, on the 15th of October, we bent our courſe, diſguiſed in the habits of peaſants, towards the place where the Pruſſian troops, under the command of their illuſtrious monarch, lay encamped.

"THE valor of my friend was ſufficiently known to procure him a welcome reception; and we were both in time to participate in the victory of Roſbach, which happened on the 5th of November following. It is unneceſſary to relate the particulars of this battle: It is enough to ſay, that my companion and myſelf, the one puſhed on by his mettle and courage, the other urged by deſperation, drew the attention of the ſovereign and his whole army upon us, in the conduct of that memorable day. We followed the fortunes of this gallant Prince, through a

courſe of ſplendid victories, till, at the ſiege of Olmutz, a fatal ſtop was put to our career, and a freſh ſubject of ſorrow was added to thoſe mournful recollections with which my mind was oppreſſed.

"WE were taking too cloſe a view of the enemy's works, when my friend received a mortal wound, and fell by my ſide: What my feelings were at ſuch a criſis I ſhall leave you to imagine. He had applied his handkerchief to the wound; and as I knelt down to receive his laſt breath, he laid upon me, with a voice ſcarcely audible, this melancholy command:...." Take from my boſom my handkerchief ſteeped in my blood; carry it to my wife....it is the token agreed upon between us; and when ſhe ſees that, ſhe will know I am dead, and what is more, that I died an honorable death.....It will moreover ſave you, my dear friend, a painful recital. You will find my pocket book about me; carry it likewiſe to her.... and take care of that excellent woman." "With that he claſped my hand, and died without agony or diſtortion.

"I WILD

"I WILL hurry over the ſucceeding events as briefly as poſſible; it will be to ſpare both you and myſelf. The body of my friend was bathed with unſubborned tears. Not a brother officer that approached it, but beſtowed upon it this teſtimony of his ſorrow; and the monarch himſelf was melted at the fatal intelligence. I ſtayed only to ſee him put into his grave with ſuch military pomp as became a brave ſoldier, and ſuch honorable grief as belongs to a virtuous man; and having obtained the permiſſion of my general, ſet out on my melancholy errand with the fatal gift in my boſom. It may be as well to mention, that, before I quitted the army of his Pruſſian Majeſty, I was complimented with the Order of Merit, and a preſent of three hundred ducats. No event that is worth relating happened to me during my journey.

"I PASSED over the ſcene of my firſt campaign near Haſtenbeck, till I came to the miſerable pollard on the heath where I firſt met my poor companion and preſerver. Here a crowd of wretched ideas

ruſhed

ruſhed into my mind. The wind ſeemed to ſigh as it paſſed me, the night was dreary and ſtarleſs, and every thing was juſt in the ſame order as when I leaned againſt this ſelf ſame tree fainting with my wounds, and diſpoſing myſelf for death. Again I ſeemed to hear the ſound of horſes' hoofs; again, to ſee the lifted ſabre: Again I thought I heard in the hollow breezes as they paſſed me, the comforting voice of a departed friend; till at length my fancy was ſo worked upon by my feelings, that I thought ſeveral times I ſaw his ſpirit move before me. I raiſed my eyes, and beheld the ſame light gleaming from the cottage where the poor Matilda was left. My legs ſcarcely ſupported me till I reached the door.

"How ſhall I deſcribe the ſcene which ſucceeded!! The feweſt words will do it beſt. Matilda lay on her poor mattreſs, the prey of that diſorder which had ſeized her the week before our departure. She could hardly raiſe her languid head; but when ſhe did, it was to recognize me, with a look ſo piercingly tender,

tender, that I thought I muſt have died ere I could have expoſed the fatal token. As I fell on my knees, to bathe her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief dropped out of my boſom upon the bed. When I ſaw what was done, my eyes faſtened tremblingly upon hers, where however I could perceive but little emotion. It was too late.....her pulſe was fluttering ....her hand was convulſed....Surely death was never ſo kind as now. She drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and could juſt articulate.....BURY IT WITH ME! Poor Matilda! It was indeed buried with thee, but not till it was as wet with my tears as it had been with thy huſband's blood. Alas! how often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous to the grave!.... But Heaven's will be done!.....it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man ſhall weep over Eugenio's tomb.

EUGENIO AND HIS *AMELIA.*

No. VIII.

Salutary Effects of Sorrow.....The Resources of a Mind alive to Religious Impressions.....Conclusion and Moral of the Story.

Ad majora quædam & magnificentiora, mihi credo, Torquate, nati sumus.
Cicero.

We were born, believe me, for greater and nobler things than these, Torquatus.

"IT was on Matilda's tomb, while my tears were flowing to the memory of this excellent pair, that I perceived the first dawn of those new resolutions which, since that day, have been continually letting fresh sunshine into my thoughts, and opening my mind to nobler and wider prospects. About a stone's throw from the little cottage, where two stunted

ſtunted yew trees, which ſeemed to have borne the pelting of many a ſtorm, formed a rude kind of an arch in the middle of the heath, we buried the remains of poor Matilda. The old cottager, his wife and myſelf, were her only attendants to this humble grave; yet if the honor done to the dead is to be eſtimated by the tears of thoſe that mourn their departure, never were funerals more pompouſly executed than thoſe of this virtuous couple. On the night of that melancholy day in which this laſt office of kindneſs was performed, as I lay, unable to compoſe myſelf, on the wretched mattreſs on which Matilda had died, in one of thoſe ſlumbering deliriums when the fancy is moſt at work, I thought I heard myſelf invited to the grave of my gentle friend.

"THOSE ſenſible minds who can imagine themſelves in my ſituation, will not wonder that, ſubdued and ſoftened as I was at that moment to any impreſſions, I imagined this to be a real ſummons, and inſtantly reſolved upon my little pilgrimage. The ſtars ſhone very bright; and

and every tereſtrial object, being veiled in darkneſs, the heavens ſeemed to ſtand forth as the great ſubject of contemplation to man. I have always loved theſe midnight rambles :....In a mind properly conſtituted, they never fail to engender wholeſome reſolutions, which, though they generally vaniſh with the darkneſs, yet I am perſuaded, they often leave a kind of glow in the mind, like the fluſhing that ſometimes remains on the cheek after a happy dream, and gives a graceful coloring to the features which laſts through the day. But here the compariſon ends: The die upon the cheek ſurvives but a little time the cauſe which occaſioned it; but the mind is ſo influenced by habit, that it gathers ſtrength with every ſtruggle, and retains forever the veſtiges of virtuous exertions.

"I no love to feel my ſpirit mounting above the low thoughted anxieties and petty troubles of this exiſtence, till it reaches "the fiery wheeled throne of the cherub Contemplation." I knew nothing, I confeſs of the reſources and ſatisfactions

ſatisfactions provided for us in this ſelf converſe, this ſilent ſoliloquy, till the many meeting circumſtances of that night conſpired to produce in me a new train of reaſoning and reflections. Much of what I held moſt dear on earth had juſt been withdrawn from me; the earth itſelf was obſcured; my thoughts, therefore, were involuntarily thrown upon the ſubject of another exiſtence, and turned upwards to thoſe views of futurity which make every thing in this world look trifling and diminutive, except in the relation they bear to thoſe views. How can we regard that dread magnificence above us, that world upon world, that ſyſtem upon ſyſtem, without feeling every petty ambition periſh within us, as village honors loſe their reliſh when the ſplendid preferments of the city are opened to us, or as leſſer cares retire, when ermines, ſceptres and diadems, are placed within our reach!

"THESE thoughts occupied me till I reached the grave of Matilda. Here, after ſome moments of involuntary ſadneſs,

ſadneſs, a lucid calmneſs took poſſeſſion of my ſpirits, to which I had hitherto been a perfect ſtranger. In this favorable poſition, my judgment and all the powers of my intellect ſeemed to gather unuſual ſtrength; and I felt, on a ſudden, ſuch a ſovereignty of mind as I would not have exchanged for any throne in Chriſtendom. I threw my thoughts back upon my paſt hiſtory, in which every thing now appeared abſurd and unaccountable. I ſaw clearly how much I had miſtaken my better intereſts, and how much I had miſemployed the force of my underſtanding. I ſaw too, that the only means of preſerving the balance of the mind when nature has beſtowed upon us too large a ſhare of feeling for the occaſions of this exiſtence, is to dedicate a juſt portion of it to the higher objects and intereſts of an awful futurity.

"A DISTEMPERED ſenſibility, and an irritable frame of mind, are the ſure conſequences of a high ſtate of feelings, with a low ſtate of religion. If they have no other paſſage but what this life

life ſupplies, they will neceſſarily act unkindly, and produce continual conflict and diſorder; operating, as it were, according to a law of phyſics, by which the impetus is increaſed in proportion to the narrowneſs of the vent. I reflected on the ſhort journey through this ſtate which that excellent young perſon had made, on whoſe turf I was reclining; I recollected her ſublime countenance, and thoſe rays of an immortal mind that were ſhot from her eyes; I recollected that luminous intelligence that was ſpread over her face; and above all, that indeſcribable ſpiritual ſomething that played about the dimples of her mouth. I then caſt my eyes downwards upon the barren ſpot which covered her remains; and aſked myſelf if ſo much excellence was made only to come to this at laſt? or if all that feeling and all that intellectual beauty with which theſe mortal remains were once animated and illumined, were made only for the occaſions of her poor periſhable body, and the objects of an exiſtence that was thus to terminate its courſe! The many delightful concluſions, which branched out from this

thought,

thought, held me in a delicious ſtate of mind till every ſtar retired that ſtudded the canopy above me. In the mean time, every proud thought retired together with them: And I felt it an unpardonable ſhame for a mind endued with immortality, and deſtined to another range of objects diſperſed through an infinity of ſpace, and which in the circumſcribed and feeble views of them afforded us at preſent, fill our ſouls with rapture and delight.....for a mind that has ſuch promiſes held up to it, to found its pride on the circumſtances of a paltry exiſtence like that we at preſent enjoy, or to conſider them as entitled to engroſs all its ſenſibilities, and to exerciſe the full meaſure of its powers and capacities.

"FROM this moment I date the entrance of a philoſophy into my mind which has brought with it a thouſand ſatisfactions and delights: Of a philoſophy, not of that dry and factitious ſort which conſiſts of the cold propoſitions of ethics, and involves itſelf in a labyrinth of logical ſubtleties; but of that authentic, plain and

practical kind, that regulates the feelings, while it intereſts the heart; that corrects our wanderings, while it ſtimulates our enquiries; that teaches us how to live and how to die, by teaching us who we are, and for what we are deſigned. The book of nature, and the book of revelation, are the only ſources from which this my humble philoſophy is derived: When I ſimply regard the works of my Creator, I am confounded with their immenſity; when on a more particular view of them, I diſcern the magnificence of deſign, and the parſimony of means which they every where diſcover, I am aſtoniſhed at their wiſdom; when I attempt to count the benefits which flow from them, I am overcome with their goodneſs: When from this glorious contemplation I turn my obſervations upon myſelf, I awfully acquieſce in my own unworthineſs; but again, under this ſenſe of unworthineſs, I am ſupported when I reflect on the great ſacrifice which has been made for me, low as I am, and on that dignity conferred upon my nature by the reconciliation wrought through the merits of my Redeemer.

"WITH this new treaſure opened in my mind, I determined to return to my country and my friends, and to ſeek that ſituation in which I might be able to turn it to the beſt account. The military life was every hour ſinking lower in my eſteem; and indeed every life but that in which my conſcience might have repoſe, my thoughts freedom, and my actions ſome determinate objects of utility. Nothing worth relating happened to me till I reached my native country, where I hoped that, as my ſpirit of adventure was gone, my career of fortune would be cloſed: But ſome trials were yet in reſerve, to put my philoſophy to the teſt. I found what remained of my family in the deepeſt affliction. About two months before my arrival, my father had been arreſted for a debt for which he ſtood liable on a brother officer's account, who was now abroad. Almoſt as ſoon, however, as they received the intelligence of this diſtreſsful circumſtance, another letter brought them information, that the money was paid by ſome unknown hand, and the matter ſtill remains a perfect myſtery to us all.

"MY

"My father did not recover his peace of mind together with the liberty of his perſon. His ſpirit was wounded by the degradation which he conceived himſelf to have undergone: And being conſcious that his ſituation was ſuch as to ſubject him to more vexations of the ſame nature, he took the ſudden reſolution of leaving the country, and of trying once more his fortune in the field, under the victorious banners of Prince Ferdinand. This project, ſo deſperate for a man of his years, but ſo natural to a man of his complexion, and which was too ſpeedily executed to allow us any time for interference, did not ſurpriſe us ſo much as the conduct of Mr. Laurens, which gave us hardly leſs vexation and ſorrow. He happened to be at our houſe at the time of this unfortunate event, where he ſcarcely waited to hear the particulars related; but taking an abrupt leave, ſet off for London, and was not heard of till about a week ago, when a letter from my father informed us that they were both together in the army of the Prince. Such an account could not but fill us with extreme ſurpriſe; but nothing

ing perplexed us ſo much as the affectionate zeal of the ſame young gentleman, who ſeemed to have followed my father out of pure regard, and to whoſe unexampled friendſhip as the letter expreſſed, he was indebted for every comfort he enjoyed. When we compared this extraordinary generoſity with the ſeeming inſenſibility of other parts of his conduct, we were at a loſs what to think of ſo contradictory a behavior.

"In the mean time, Sophia's diſtreſs, which had begun to occaſion us the greateſt alarm for her health, fixed me in my reſolution of making a freſh journey abroad, to unravel, if poſſible, theſe myſteries, and to perſuade my father to return to his diſconſolate home. This, Sir, is the errand on which I am embarking; and heaven knows with what heavy preſages on my heart. If, however, it ſhall pleaſe God to crown my embaſſy with ſucceſs, I think the frame of mind in which I am every day growing more confirmed, will at leaſt enable me to live without repining; to meet events with patience,

tience, if not with complacency; and to make a more ſober and ſolid uſe of my talents, than I have hitherto done."

EUGENIO ended: And we were all much comforted by his laſt aſſurance, which left us reaſon to hope that as his feelings grew more ſedate, and leſs exacting, his mind would daily become more accommodated to the ordinary courſe and complexion of life. He remained three days under this hoſpitable roof, and we had the ſatisfaction of thinking that our converſation had ſomewhat conduced to improve the favorable turn that was manifeſtly taking place in his thoughts and ſentiments. We did not at length part without a thouſand promiſes, on each ſide, to cement this triple alliance ſo auſpiciouſly begun, and a particular aſſurance from Eugenio, that he would ever conſider as the moſt eſſential article of the treaty, the duty of exerting all the ſtrength of his reaſon, to complete the victory he was ſo near obtaining over the violence of his feelings. Soon after his departure we could obſerve that Amelia grew more

penſive than was natural to her, and more fond of the little bower at the end of the walk, where Eugenio had told his tale: She was frugal, however, of her remarks on his hiſtory, and ſeemed ſomewhat afraid of truſting herſelf with his name; leſt it ſhould eſcape in a ſigh, or force from her an involuntary comment in the bluſh upon her cheek.

MR. BARVILLE, in the mean time, felt ſome conſolation for the loſs of his ſon, in the diſcovery of a young man ſo faſhioned to his own opinions, and ſo worthy of his friendſhip; and from ſome intimations I could perceive, that he was often on the point of regretting that this excellent young lady, his daughter, was engaged to become the wife of a perſon at that time in the eaſt, upon his return to England.

As the cottage where the family of Eugenio reſided was not a great way from Mr. Barville's houſe, this gentleman took frequent occaſions of paying them conſolatory viſits in his abſence; and was greatly inſtrumental in keeping up

up the ſpirits of Sophia, and inclining her to put the moſt favorable conſtructions on the conduct of her lover. In the mean time, it pleaſed Providence not to diſappoint theſe gentle hopes, and to prepare a courſe of events that was to recompenſe them amply for what ſorrows they had hitherto endured. In a month after Eugenio's departure, they received from him a letter, replete with the moſt joyful intelligence. He had ſucceeded in finding both the father and the lover, whoſe merits made it eaſy to trace them where virtue had met with opportunities of diſplaying itſelf. They had paſſed under the appellation of Niſus and Euryalus.....ſuch was the affection they bore each other, and their reciprocal ſervices in the time of action and danger. A ſlight wound which Laurens had received was at preſent the only obſtacle to their return.

SOON after the receipt of this letter, an event happened, that ſcarcely yielded to it in the delight it occaſioned to both of theſe ladies, but particularly to the tender Sophia. One morning they were ſurpriſed

ſurpriſed with a viſit from the perſon into whoſe hands the money had been paid for that debt which at preſent occaſioned the abſence of three men ſo dear to them. He brought a letter for Eugenio's father; and while the mother was peruſing it with a countenance full of delight, Sophia was regarding, with a look of anxious curioſity, a diamond ring on the finger of the ſtranger. "That ring, Sir, I have ſurely ſeen before: Permit me to aſk you if you have long been the owner."....." No, madam: The ring was given in part of your father's debt, by the perſon to whom it belonged." Sophia knew it to be the ring which ſhe had often admired on young Lauren's finger. The myſtery was immediately explained: Sophia flung her arms round her mother's neck, with frantic expreſſions of delight: And ſo exceſſive was her joy at the diſcovery ſhe had made, that it was judged prudent to conceal the contents of the letter, till the following day.

A LEGACY, however, of ten thouſand pounds was nothing to Sophia in compariſon

compariſon of the proofs ſhe had diſcovered of her lover's affection, truth and greatneſs of mind. She heard her mother with little emotion, and immediately again fell upon the ſubject neareſt her heart. This legacy was bequeathed by the ſame brother officer of her father's for whoſe debt he had ſtood ſecurity, in recompenſe of this, and a multitude of other obligations conferred upon him during the campaign in which they had ſerved together, when they both were young. In the midſt of theſe happy occurrences, the time was drawing on, when the three wanderers were expected home; the impatience for whoſe return had been greatly enhanced by the joyful news which was in ſtore for them. A few days before it took place, Mr. Barville, Amelia and myſelf, were cordially invited to viſit this happy pair, that we might be preſent at ſo intereſting a meeting.

At length the long expected day arrived. Sophia and her mother were in their gayeſt attire; garlands were hung out at the door; and the rooms were decorated with a thouſand devices expreſſive of

of this happy occaſion, about which the young lady had employed herſelf, inſtead of ſleeping, the preceeding night. Every wind was converted into a voice; a thouſand times they were ſure they heard the rumbling of carriage wheels; and I was continually ſtopped in the midſt of a grave obſervation, to hear the latchet of the outward gate. No morning was ever ſo tediouſly long. At length the moment arrived....a moment which I ſhall never, never forget. The three travellers entered, and a ſcene enſued, of which it would be folly to attempt a deſcription.

I WAS ſurpriſed beyond meaſure, to ſee young Laurens, inſtead of ruſhing into Sophia's arms, fling himſelf upon his knees before Mr. Barville, who raiſed him, and fell upon his neck with ſuch a melting affection, as preſently drew the attention of the company towards them, and painted a momentary chagrin on the face of Sophia. This, however, was preſently explained in a manner that doubled the delight of all preſent. Mr. Barville had found in Laurens his own

lamented

lamented child, of whom he had made ſuch bitter mention to Eugenio. As he had pretended a ſhooting expedition only to cover his viſits to Sophia, he had diſguiſed his name, leſt the well known delicacy of her father might have interrupted his addreſſes, when he knew the extent of Mr. Barville's eſtate: Beſides which, he had ſome fears that his own father might diſapprove a connexion in point of fortune ſo much below his expectations.

MR. BARVILLE now freely forgave his ſon the generous robbery he had committed in behalf of Sophia's father, whoſe engagement he had ſatisfied with a thouſand pounds, which his own father had commiſſioned him to place with his banker. Never was joy ſo complete as that which ſucceeded theſe affecting explanations. Eugenio's countenance expreſſed an unuſual complacency: He joined the hands of young Barville with thoſe of the happy trembling Sophia, and then ſolemnly aſked the conſent of their parents, which was granted amidſt a thouſand tears and embraces.

How

How painful is the thought, that any part of ſo good and happy a groupe ſhould be deſtined to freſh afflictions! But the mournful cataſtrophe of Eugenio's hiſtory has already been related; and no event of ſorrow ſhall tarniſh the luſtre of this joyous day, with which I will diſmiſs my preſent account of him to my readers....not without a hope, however, that they may gather ſome uſeful inferences from the contemplation I have afforded them. They may obſerve how much a happy frame of mind depends upon the corroboration of religious regards, and how much its good diſpoſitions are improved by ſober reflection, and a timely examination of ourſelves. They may conclude from the hiſtory of this poor youth, that it is not the exceſs of our feelings, which deſtroys our comfort, but the want of a proper application and diſtribution of them; the want of that harmony which religion inſpires into them, and the wider range it affords them, of proportionate objects on which they may be exerciſed.

FINIS.